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JOHN MILTON

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN MILTON.

EDITED BY

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WITH IMAGINATIVE ILLUSTRATIONS BY

J. M. W. TURNER, ESQ. R. A.

Is not each great, each amiable Muse
Of classic ages in our MILTON met?
A genius universal as his theme;
Astonishing as Chaos; as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair; as Heaven sublime!

THOMSON.

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IN SIX VOLUMES.

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PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

else would have risen "to the highth of this great argument." Every one else would have fallen short of it, and degraded it.

Johnson says, that an "inconvenience of Milton's design is, that it requires the description of what cannot be described,—the agency of Spirits. He saw that immateriality supplied no images, and that he could not show angels acting but by instruments of action; he therefore invested them with form and matter. This being necessary, was therefore defensible, and he should have secured the consistency of his system by keeping immateriality out of sight, and enticing his reader to drop it from his thoughts." Surely this was quite impossible for the reason Johnson himself has given. The imagination, by its natural tendencies, always embodies Spirit. Poetry deals in pictures, though not exclusively in pictures.

In this respect Milton's poetry is different from almost all other; that it is always founded on our belief, and a belief, which we consider a matter of duty and religion. Milton's imagination is always conscientious; and here again is his peculiarity. Almost every imaginative poet, except Milton, falls occasionally into fantasticality:—perhaps I ought to except also Shakspeare. This is the vice of poetry, where there is not the severest judgment, and the most profound control; and it is a vice, which the bad taste of the public encourages. The flowers, as they are called,—the corrupt ornaments of poetry, please vulgar apprehensions and feelings. Glaring colours, exaggerated forms, rouse ordinary eyes and intellects.

The classical taste, the sober grace of ideal majesty or beauty, appears tame to a mind vitiated with all the extravagances and fooleries of insane romance. The Gothic ages introduced numerous ignorant superstitions and absurd

opinions, which in more enlightened times revolt a strict or sober understanding. Fictions founded on such systems, or interwoven with them, except so far as they are merely illustrative, may amuse as momentary sports of wanton or forced invention; but the sound intellect rejects them in its moments of seriousness.

Among the miraculous acquirements of Milton, was his deep and familiar intimacy with all classical and all chivalrous literature,—the amalgamation in his mind of all the philosophy and all the sublime and ornamental literature of the ancients, and all the abstruse, the laborious, the immature learning of those who again drew off the mantle of Time from the ancient treasures of genius, and mingled with them their own crude conceptions and fantastic theories. He extracted from this mine all that would aid the imagination without shocking the reason. He never rejected philosophy;—but where it was fabulous, only offered it as ornament.

It will not be too much to say, that of all uninspired writings (if these *be uninspired*,) Milton's are the most worthy of profound study by all minds which would know the creativeness, the splendour, the learning, the eloquence, the wisdom, to which the human intellect can reach.

So far as poetry is made by mere figures of speech, it is a miserable art, which has nothing of invention or thought.

As to material pictures of spiritual existences, they always take such appearances when they visit us, though they can resolve themselves back into air. It is not inconsistent, therefore, or contrary to what we suppose to be the system of the creation, so to represent them. Animation is the soul of fiction; but it is true, that there may be animation without body.

Milton's force and sublimity of fable is especially attested

by his frequent concurrence with the hints and language of the Scriptures, and his filling up those dark and mysterious intimations which escaped less illuminated minds. Here then imagination took its grandest and most oracular form.

But they, who have degraded and depraved their taste by vulgar poetry, not only do not rise to the delight of this tone, but have no conception of it. They deem the bard's work to be a concentration of petty spangles of words, like false jewels made of paste by an adroit artisan. Every thing is technical, and they judge only by skill in decoration.

In Milton's language, though there is internal force and splendor, there is outward plainness. Common readers think that it sounds and looks like prose: this is one of its attractions; while all which is stilted, and decorated, and affected, soon fatigues and satiates. To delight the ear and the eye is a mere sensual indulgence;—true poetry strikes at the soul.

After all which has been said of Milton by so many learned and able critics, these remarks may seem superfluous; but I persuade myself that some of the topics of praise here urged have not been duly noticed before. I must here also repeat my conviction, that of all critics, Addison is the most beautiful, eloquent, and just: he enters deep into the fable, the imagery, and the sentiment: most of the other commentators merely busy themselves with the explanation or illustration of the learning.

We are bound to study in what way Milton has exercised his mighty powers of invention and imagination, and what ought to be their purposes, their qualities, and their merits. If any one thinks the imagination to be an idle and empty power, he is as hard and dull as he is ignorant and blind. In the 'Paradise Lost' we have, demonstrated, what a grand and holy imagination can do.

"THE VERSE."

[The following is from the hand of the poet himself: as it is short, I have given his own orthography,* peculiar in some points.—Ed.]

"The measure is English Heroick Verse without Rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; Rime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched matter and lame Meeter; grac't indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carried away by Custom, but much to thir own vexation, hindrance, and constraint, to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, then else they would have exprest them. Not without cause, therefore, some both Italian and Spanish Poets of prime note, have rejected Rime both in longer and shorter Works, as have also, long since, our best English Tragedies; as a thing of it self, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling

* From Milton's own edition, 1669.

sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all good Oratory. This neglect then of Rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar Readers, that it rather is to be esteem'd an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recover'd to Heroick Poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of Riming."

ARGUMENT OF BOOK I.

THIS first book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed. Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of heaven with all his crew into the great deep. Which action passed over, the Poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into hell, described here, not in the centre, for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed; but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos: here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him: they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded: they rise; their numbers, array of battel, their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in heaven: for that Angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth

of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandæmonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: the infernal Peers there sit in council.

[The small figures in the Text refer to the Notes at the end of each Book.]

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

Of Man's first disobedience,[1] and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos: or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook,[2] that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.[3]

And chiefly thou, O Spirit,[4] that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like sat'st brooding[5] on the vast abyss,
And madest it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine,[6] what is low raise and support;
That to the highth of this great argument[7]
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.[8]
Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of hell;[9] say first, what cause
Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favour'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
The infernal serpent: he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind; what time his pride
Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels; by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,[10]
He trusted to have equal'd the Most High,[11]
If he opposed; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Raised impious war in heaven and battel proud
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell

In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men,[12] he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal: but his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,
Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate.
At once, as far as angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild:
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace, flamed; yet from those flames
No light,[13] but rather darkness visible[14]
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes,
That comes to all;[15] but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed:
Such place eternal justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordain'd
In utter darkness; and their portion set
As far removed from God and light of heaven,
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.[16]
O, how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,[17]
He soon discerns; and weltering by his side,
One next himself in power, and next in crime,

Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beëlzebub: to whom the arch-enemy,[18]
And thence in heaven call'd Satan,[19] with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:—
If thou beest he—But, O, how fallen! how changed
From him, who in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads, though bright! If he, whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprize,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest,
From what highth fallen: so much the stronger proved
He with his thunder; and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
Though changed in outward lustre, that fix'd mind
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign; and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battel on the plains of heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?

All is not lost;[20] the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me: to bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terrour of this arm so late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed;
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since, by fate, the strength of gods[21]
And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcileable to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven.

So spake the apostate angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud,[22] but rack'd with deep despair:
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer:—

O prince, O chief of many throned powers,
That led the imbattel'd seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endanger'd heaven's perpetual King;
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate:
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us heaven, and all this mighty host

In horrible destruction laid thus low;
As far as gods and heavenly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigour soon returns;
Though all our glory extinct,[23] and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
But what if he our Conquerour, whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as ours—
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
Strongly to suffer and support our pains?
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire;
Or do him mightier service, as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep:
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being,
To undergo eternal punishment?
Whereto with speedy words the arch-fiend replied:—
Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering:[24] but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight;
As being the contrary to his high will,
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil:
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps

Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see! the angry Victor hath recall'd[25]
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heaven: the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of heaven received us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.[26]
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbour there;
And, reassembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy; our own loss how repair;
How overcome this dire calamity;
What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
If not, what resolution from despair.[27]

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,[28]

Briareos, or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held; or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream:
Him, haply, slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff,[29]
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea,[30] and wished morn delays.
So stretch'd out huge in length the arch-fiend lay,
Chain'd on the burning lake; nor ever thence
Had risen or heaved his head, but that the will[31]
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs;
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others; and enraged might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy shown
On man by him seduced; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames,
Driven backward,[32] slope their pointing spires, and, roll'd
In billows, leave in the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
That felt unusual weight,[33] till on dry land
He lights; if it were land, that ever burn'd
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force

Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus,[34] or the shatter'd side
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singed bottom all involved
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate;
Both glorying to have 'scaped the Stygian flood,
As gods, and by their own recover'd strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.
  Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
Said then the lost archangel, this the seat
That we must change for heaven? this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he,
Who now is Sovran, can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equal'd, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells![35] Hail, horrours; hail,
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessour; one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place,[36] and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be; all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built

Here for his envy; will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure; and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.[37]
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and copartners of our loss,
Lie thus astonish'd on the oblivious pool;
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion; or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in heaven, or what more lost in hell?
So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub
Thus answer'd: Leader of those armies bright,
Which but the Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battel when it raged, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage, and revive, though now they lie
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed:
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious highth.
He scarce had ceased, when the superiour fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders, like the moon,[38] whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesolé,
Or in Valdarno,[39] to descry new lands,

Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills[40] to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle; not like those steps
On heaven's azure: and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
His legions, angel forms, who lay intranced,
Thick as autumnal leaves[41] that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High overarch'd imbower; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd[42]
Hath vex'd the Red-sea coast,[43] whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris[44] and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred[45] they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore[46] their floating carcases
And broken chariot-wheels: so thick bestrown,
Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded:[47] Princes, potentates,
Warriors, the flower of heaven, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits: or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battel to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find

To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood,
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from heaven gates discern
The advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, arise; or be for ever fallen!
They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung
Upon the wing; as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their general's voice they soon obey'd,
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Ægypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:[48]
So numberless were those bad angels seen,
Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires:
Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear
Of their great sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain.
A multitude, like which the populous north

Pour'd never[49] from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons[50]
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.
Forthwith from every squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste, where stood
Their great commander; godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities,
And powers, that erst in heaven sat on thrones;
Though of their names[51] in heavenly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and razed
By their rebellion from the Book of Life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names; till, wandering o'er the earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies[52] the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and the invisible
Glory of him that made them to transform[53]
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:[54]
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world.
Say, Muse, their names then known,[55] who first, who last,
Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch
At their great emperour's call; as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand;
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.
The chief were those, who, from the pit of hell

Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, gods adored
Among the nations round; and durst abide
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
Between the cherubim: yea, often placed
Within his sanctuary itself, their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First Moloch,[56] horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipp'd in Rabba and her watery plain,
In Argob, and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led[57] by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God,
On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom,[58] Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of hell.
Next Chemos,[59] the obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Elealé, to the asphaltic pool:
Peor his other name, when he enticed

Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged
Ev'n to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate;[60]
Till good Josiah drove them thence to hell.
With these came they, who, from the bordering flood
Of old Euphrates[61] to the brook that parts
Ægypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Bäalim and Ashtaroth,[62] those male,
These feminine: for spirits, when they please,[63]
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure;
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aery purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their Living Strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in battel, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth,[64] whom the Phœnicians call'd
Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;
In Sion also not unsung, where stood

Her temple on the offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,[65]
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz[66] came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties, all a summer's day;
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat;
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw,[67] when, by the vision led,
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopp'd off
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,
Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers:
Dagon his name;[68] sea monster, upward man
And downward fish: yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath, and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon,[69] whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also against the house of God was bold:
A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king;
Ahaz his sottish conquerour, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage,[70] and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn.

His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
A crew, who under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus,[71] and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
Fanatic Ægypt and her priests, to seek
Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape
The infection,[72] when their borrow'd gold composed
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox;
Jehovah, who in one night, when he pass'd[73]
From Ægypt marching, equal'd with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last,[74] than whom a spirit more lewd
Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself: to him no temple stood
Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd
With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury, and outrage: and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Exposed a matron to avoid worse rape.

These were the prime[75] in order and in might;
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,
The Ionian gods,[76] of Javan's issue, held
Gods, yet confess'd later[77] than heaven and earth,
Their boasted parents. Titan, heaven's first born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright seized
By younger Saturn: he from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete
And Ida known; thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,[78]
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land;[79] or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.[80]

All these and more came flocking, but with looks
Downcast and damp; yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance,[81] gently raised
Their fainted courage, and dispell'd their fears:
Then straight commands, that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be uprear'd
His mighty standard: that proud honour claim'd
Azazel[82] as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd

The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor,[83] streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich imblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host[84] up sent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood[85]
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To highth of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battel; and, instead of rage,
Deliberate valor breathed, firm, and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixed thought,
Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil: and now
Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriours old with order'd spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief

Had to impose: he through the armed files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views; their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and, hardening in his strength,[86]
Glories; for never, since created man,
Met such imbodied force, as named with these
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were join'd
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mix'd with auxiliar gods;[87] and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,[88]
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Morocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia.[89] Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
Their dread commander: he, above the rest[90]
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower: his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruin'd, and the excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun new-risen[91]
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds

On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs: darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all the archangel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek; but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of spirits for his fault amerced[92]
Of heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt; yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory wither'd. As when heaven's fire
Hath scathed[93] the forest oaks or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth;[94] at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.
O myriads of immortal spirits! O powers
Matchless, but with the Almighty; and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,

How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied heaven,[95] shall fail to reascend
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of heaven,
If counsels different or dangers shunn'd
By me have lost our hopes: but he, who reigns
Monarch in heaven, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent, or custom; and his regal state
Put forth at full; but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own;
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provoked: our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not; that he no less
At length from us may find, Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds, whereof so rife
There went a fame in heaven,[96] that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the sons of heaven.
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption; thither or elsewhere:
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor the abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts

Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd;
For who can think submission? war then, war,
Open or understood, must be resolved.
He spake; and, to confirm his words, outflew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumined hell: [97] highly they raged
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of heaven.
There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf; undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither, wing'd with speed,
A numerous brigad hasten'd; as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe arm'd,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on; [98]
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for ev'n in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent; admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific: by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire

That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength, and art, are easily outdone
By spirits reprobate; and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toil
And hands innumerable scarce perform.[99]
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross:
A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook:
As in an organ,[100] from one blast of wind,
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose, like an exhalation,[101] with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet;
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave: nor did there want
Cornice or frieze with bossy sculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equal'd in all their glories, to inshrine
Belus or Serapis, their gods; or seat
Their kings, when Ægypt with Assyria strove

In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fix'd her stately highth: and straight the doors,
Opening their brazen folds, discover wide
Within her ample spaces o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise,
And some the architect: his hand was known
In heaven by many a tower'd structure high,
Where sceptred angels held their residence,
And sat as princes; whom the supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unadored
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From heaven [102] they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropp'd from the zenith like a falling star,
On Lemnos, the Ægean isle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
To have built in heaven high towers; nor did he 'scape
By all his engines; but was headlong sent
With his industrious crew to build in hell.

Meanwhile the winged haralds, by command
Of sovran power, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandæmonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd
From every band and squared regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
Attended: all access was throng'd; the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall,
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the soldan's chair
Defied the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance)[103]
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
Brush'd with the hiss of rusling wings. As bees[104]
In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters: they among fresh dews and flowers[105]
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate, and confer
Their state affairs: so thick the aery crowd
Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till, the signal given,
Behold a wonder! they, but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs,[106] in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that Pygmëan race
Beyond the Indian mount; or faery elves,
Whose midnight revels,[107] by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,

Or dreams he sees,[108] while over-head the moon
Sits arbitress,[109] and nearer to the earth[110]
Wheels her pale course: they, on their mirth and dance
Intent,[111] with jocund music charm his ear:
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions, like themselves,
The great seraphic lords and cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat;[112]
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

NOTES ON BOOK I.

[1] Verse 1. Milton has proposed the subject of his poem in the first six verses: these lines are perhaps as plain, simple, and unadorned, as any of the whole poem; in which particular the author has conformed himself to the example of Homer, and the precept of Horace. His invocation to a work, which turns in a great measure on the creation of the world, is properly made to the Muse who inspired Moses in those books, from whence our author drew his subject; and to the Holy Spirit, who is therein represented as operating after a particular manner in the first production of nature. The whole exordium rises very happily into noble language and sentiment, as I think the transition to the fable is exquisitely beautiful and natural.—Addison.

[2] Ver. 11. *And Siloa's brook.* Siloa was a small brook that flowed near the temple of Jerusalem: it is mentioned, Isaiah viii. 6; so that, in effect, Milton invokes the heavenly Muse that inspired David and the prophets on Mount Sion,

and at Jerusalem; as well as Moses on Mount Sinai.—NEWTON.

[3] Ver. 16. *Rhyme.* Rhyme here means *verse.*—T. WARTON.

Blank verse is apt to be loose, thin, and more full of words than thought: the blank verse of Milton is compressed, close-wove, and weighty in matter.

[4] Ver. 17. *And chiefly thou, O Spirit.* Invoking the Muse is commonly a matter of mere form, wherein the poets neither mean, nor desire to be thought to mean, any thing seriously: but the Holy Ghost here invoked is too solemn a name to be used insignificantly; and, besides, our author, in the beginning of his next work, 'Paradise Regained,' scruples not to say to the same divine person:—

Inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute.

This address, therefore, is no mere formality: yet some may think that he incurs a worse charge of enthusiasm, or even profaneness, in vouching inspiration for his performance: but the Scriptures represent inspiration as of a much larger extent than is commonly apprehended, teaching that "every good gift," in naturals as well as in morals, "descendeth from the great Father of Lights." James i. 17. And an extraordinary skill, even in mechanical arts, is there ascribed to the illumination of the Holy Ghost. It is said of Bezaleel, who was to make the furniture of the tabernacle, that "the Lord had filled him with the spirit of God, in wisdom, in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, and to devise curious works," &c. Exod. xxxv. 31.—HEYLIN.

It may be observed, too, in justification of our author, that other sacred poems are not without the like invocations, and particularly Spenser's hymns of Heavenly Love

and Heavenly Beauty, as well as some modern Latin poems. But I conceive that Milton intended something more; for I have been informed by those who had opportunities of conversing with his widow, that she was wont to say that he did really look upon himself as inspired; and I think his works are not without a spirit of enthusiasm. In the beginning of the second book of the 'Reason of Church Government,' speaking of his design of writing a poem in the English language, he says, "It was not to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer of that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge; and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." p. 61, edit. 1738.—NEWTON.

[5] Ver. 21. *Dove-like sat'st brooding.* Alluding to Gen. i. 2. "The spirit of God *moved* on the face of the waters;" for the word that we translate *moved*, signifies properly *brooded*, as a bird doth upon her eggs; and Milton says like a *dove*, rather than any other bird, because the descent of the Holy Ghost is compared to a dove, Luke iii. 22. As Milton studied the Scriptures in the original language, his images and expressions are oftener copied from them than from our translations.—NEWTON.

[6] Ver. 22. *What . me is dark*
Illumine.

He calls the Holy Ghost the illumining Spirit in his 'Prose Works,' vol. i. p. 273, edit. 1698. Compare Fairfax's 'Tasso,' b. viii. st. 76:—

Illumine their dark souls with light divine.—TODD.

[7] Ver. 24. *That to the highth of this great argument.* The *height* of the argument is precisely what distinguishes this poem of Milton from all others. In other works of

imagination, the difficulty lies in giving sufficient elevation to the subject: here it lies in raising the imagination up to the grandeur of the subject, in adequate conception of its mightiness, and in finding language of such majesty as will not degrade it. A genius less gigantic and less holy than Milton's would have shrunk from the attempt. Milton not only does not lower, but he illumines the bright, and enlarges the great: he expands his wings, and "sails with supreme dominion" up to the heavens, parts the clouds, and communes with angels and unembodied spirits.

Ver. 26. *And justify the ways of God to men.* Pope has thought fit to borrow this verse, with some little variation, 'Essay on Man,' ep. i. 16:—"But *vindicate* the ways of God to man." It is not easy to conceive any good reason for Pope's preferring *vindicate;* but Milton uses *justify*, as it is the Scripture word, "that thou mightest be *justified* in thy sayings." Rom. iii. 4.—And "the ways of God to men" are *justified* in the many argumentative discourses throughout the poem, particularly in the conferences between God the Father and the Son.—NEWTON.

Ver. 27.

Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of hell.

The poets attribute a kind of omniscience to the Muse; and very rightly, as it enables them to speak of things which could not otherwise be supposed to come to their knowledge. Thus Homer, Il. ii. 485:—

Ὑμεῖς γὰρ θεαὶ ἐστε, πάρεστέ τε, ἴστε τε πάντα.

And see Virgil, Æn. vii. 645. Milton's Muse being the Holy Spirit, must of course be omniscient: and the mention of heaven and hell is very proper in this place, as the scene of a great part of the poem is laid sometimes in hell and sometimes in heaven.—NEWTON.

[10] Ver. 38. *By whose aid, aspiring*
To set himself in glory above his peers.

Here Dr. Bentley objects, that Satan's crime was not his aiming "above his peers:" he was in place high above them before, as the Doctor proves from b. v. 812: but, though this be true, Milton may be right here; for the force of the words seems not that Satan aspired to set himself above his peers, but that he aspired *to set himself in glory;* that is, in divine glory; in such glory as God and his Son were set in. Here was his crime; and this is what God charges him with in b. v. 725:—

> who intends to erect his throne
> Equal to ours.

And in b. vi. 88, Milton says that the rebel angels hoped

> To win the Mount of God, and on his throne
> To set the envier of his state, the proud
> Aspirer.

See also, to the same purpose, b. vii. 140, &c.—PEARCE.

[11] Ver. 40. *He trusted to have equal'd the Most High.* See Isaiah, ch. xiv. 13.—STILLINGFLEET.

[12] Ver. 50.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men.

The nine days' astonishment, in which the angels lay entranced after their dreadful overthrow and fall from heaven, before they could recover either the use of thought or speech, is a noble circumstance, and very finely imagined. The division of hell into seas of fire, and into firm ground impregnated with the same furious element, with that particular circumstance of the exclusion of hope from those infernal regions, are instances of the same great and fruitful invention.—ADDISON.

[13] Ver. 62. *Yet from those flames*
No light.

So the Wisdom of Solomon, ch. xviii. 5, 6:—"No power of the fire might give them light; only there appeared unto them a fire kindled of itself, very dreadful."—TODD.

[14] Ver. 63. *Darkness visible.* Milton seems to have used these words to signify gloom: absolute darkness is, strictly speaking, invisible; but where there is a gloom only, there is so much light remaining, as serves to show that there are objects, and yet that those objects cannot be distinctly seen.—PEARCE.

Seneca has a like expression, speaking of the grotto of Pausilipo, epist. lvii.:—"Nihil illo carcere longius, nihil illis faucibus obscurius, quæ nobis præstant, non ut *per tenebras* videamus, sed ut *ipsas*." And, as Voltaire observes, Antonio de Solis, in his 'History of Mexico,' speaking of the place wherein Montezuma consulted his deities, says, "It was a large dark subterranean vault, where some dismal tapers afforded just *light enough to see the obscurity*." So Euripides, 'Bacchæ,' v. 510:—

Ὡς ἂν σκότιον εἰσορᾷ κνέφας.

There is much the same image in Spenser, but not so bold, 'Faer. Qu.' I. i. 14:—

A little glooming light, much like a shade.

Or, after all, Milton might take the hint from his own 'Il Penseroso:'—

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.—NEWTON.

[15] Ver. 66. *Hope never comes,*
That comes to all.

See Dante's 'Inferno,' ch. iii. 9:—

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' intrate.

[16] Ver. 74. *As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.*

Thrice as far as it is from the centre of the earth, which is the centre of the world, according to Milton's system, b. ix. 103, and b. x. 671, to the pole of the world; for it is the pole of the universe, far beyond the pole of the earth, which is here called the *utmost pole*. Homer makes the seat of hell as far beneath the deepest pit of earth as the heaven is above the earth, Iliad, viii. 16. Virgil makes it twice as far, Æneid, vi. 578: and Milton *thrice* as far; as if these three great poets had stretched their utmost genius, and vied with each other, who should extend his idea of the depth of hell farthest. But Milton's whole description of hell as much exceeds theirs, as in this single circumstance of the depth of it. And how cool and unaffecting is the Τάρταρον ἠερόεντα, the σιδήρειαί τε πύλαι καὶ χάλκεος οὐδὸς of Homer,—the "lugentes campi," the "ferrea turris," and "horrisono stridentes cardine portæ," of Virgil, in comparison with this description by Milton, concluding with that artful contrast, "O, how unlike the place from whence they fell!"—NEWTON.

[17] Ver. 77. *Tempestuous fire.* Psalm xi. 6:—"Upon the wicked the Lord will rain fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest."—DUNSTER.

[18] Ver. 81. *To whom the arch-enemy.* The thoughts in the first speech and description of Satan, who is one of the principal actors in this poem, are wonderfully proper to give us a full idea of him: his pride, envy, and revenge, obstinacy, despair, and impenitence, are all of them very artfully interwoven. In short, his first speech is a complication of all those passions, which discover themselves separately in several other of his speeches in the poem. The whole part of this great enemy of mankind is filled with such incidents as are very apt to raise and terrify the reader's imagination. Of this nature, in the book now be-

fore us, is his being the first that awakens out of the general trance, with his posture on the burning lake, his rising from it, and the description of his shield and spear: to which we may add his call to the fallen angels, that lay plunged and stupefied in the sea of fire.

Amidst those impieties which this enraged spirit utters in other places of this poem, the author has taken care to introduce none that is not big with absurdity, and incapable of shocking a religious reader; his words, as the poet himself describes them, bearing only "a semblance of worth, not substance." He is also with great art described as owning his adversary to be Almighty. Whatever perverse interpretation he puts on the justice, mercy, and other attributes of the Supreme Being, he frequently confesses his omnipotence; that being the perfection he was forced to allow him, and the only consideration which could support his pride under the shame of his defeat.—ADDISON.

[19] Ver. 82. *And thence in heaven call'd Satan.* For the word *Satan*, in Hebrew, signifies an *enemy*: he is THE ENEMY by way of eminence, the chief enemy of God and man.—NEWTON.

[20] Ver. 105. *What though the field be lost?*
All is not lost.

This passage is an excellent improvement upon Satan's speech to the infernal spirits in Tasso, c. iv. st. 15; but seems to be expressed from Fairfax's translation, rather than from the original:—

We lost the field, yet lost we not our heart.

NEWTON.

[21] Ver. 116. *Since, by fate, the strength of gods.* For Satan supposes the angels to subsist by fate and necessity; and he represents them of an empyreal, that is, a fiery sub-

stance, as the Scripture itself does, Psalm civ. 4:—"He maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a *flame of fire*." —NEWTON.

[22] Ver. 126. *Vaunting aloud.* This speech is remarkable for brevity and energy of expression, and justness of the thought, arising from the nature of the foregoing speech, and Satan's present misery.—CALLANDER.

[23] Ver. 141. *Though all our glory extinct.* As a flame put out and extinguished for ever. This word is very properly applied to their irrecoverable loss of that angelic beauty which accompanied them when in a state of innocence. The Latins have used the word 'extinctus' in the same metaphorical sense. Thus Virgil, Æn. iv. 322:—

te propter eundem
Extinctus pudor, et, qua sola sidera adibam,
Fama prior. CALLANDER.

[24] Ver. 157. *To be weak is miserable,*
Doing or suffering.

Satan having in his speech boasted that the "strength of gods could not fail," v. 116, and Beëlzebub having said, v. 146, "If God has left us this our strength entire, to suffer pain strongly, or to do him mightier service as his thralls, what then can our strength avail us?" Satan here replies very properly, whether we are to suffer or to work, yet still it is some comfort to have our strength undiminished: for it is a *miserable* thing, says he, to be *weak* and without strength, whether we are *doing* or *suffering*. This is the sense of the place; and this is farther confirmed by what Belial says, b. ii. 199:—

To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal. PEARCE.

[25] Ver. 169. *But see, the angry Victor hath recall'd.* Dr.

Bentley has really made a very material objection to this and some other passages of the poem, wherein the good angels are represented as pursuing the rebel host with fire and thunderbolts down through Chaos, even to the gates of hell, as being contrary to the account which the angel Raphael gives to Adam in the sixth book; and it is certain that there the good angels are ordered to "stand still only and behold," and the Messiah alone expels them out of heaven; and after he has expelled them, and hell has closed upon them, b. vi. 880:

> Sole victor from the expulsion of his foes,
> Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:
> To meet him all his saints, who silent stood
> Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
> With jubilee advanced.

These accounts are plainly contrary the one to the other; but the author does not therefore contradict himself, nor is one part of his scheme inconsistent with another: for it should be considered who are the persons that give these different accounts. In book vi. the angel Raphael is the speaker, and therefore his account may be depended upon as the genuine and exact truth of the matter: but in the other passages Satan himself, or some of his angels, are the speakers; and they were too proud and obstinate ever to acknowledge the Messiah for their conqueror: as their rebellion was raised on his account, they would never own his superiority; they would rather ascribe their defeat to the whole host of heaven than to him alone; or, if they did indeed imagine their pursuers to be so many in number, their fears multiplied them, and it serves admirably to express how much they were terrified and confounded. In book vii. 230, the noise of his chariot is compared to "the sound of a numerous host;" and perhaps they might think that a numerous host were really pursuing. In one place, indeed, we have Chaos speaking thus, b. ii. 996:—

and heaven gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Pursuing.

But what a condition was Chaos in during the fall of the rebel angels! See b. vi. 871:—

Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy; so huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin.

We must suppose him therefore to speak according to his own fruitful and disturbed imagination; he might conceive that so much

Ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,

could not all be effected by a single hand: and what a sublime idea must it give us of the terrors of the Messiah, that he alone should be as formidable as if the whole host of heaven were pursuing! So that the seeming contradiction, upon examination, proves rather a beauty than any blemish to the poem.—NEWTON.

[26] Ver. 177. *To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.* A truly magnificent line.

[27] Ver. 191. *If not, what resolution from despair.* The sentiment in this verse may be referred to Seneca's Medea, ver. 163:—"Qui nihil potest sperare, nihil desperet."—DUNSTER.

[28] Ver. 198. *Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove.* Here Milton comme es that train of learned allusions, which was among his peculiarities, and which he always makes poetical by some picturesque epithet or simile.

[29] Ver. 204. *The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff.* Some little boat, whose pilot dares not proceed in his course for fear of the dark night: a metaphor taken from a

foundered horse that can go no farther; or *night-foundered*, in danger of sinking at night, from the term, *foundering at sea*. I prefer the former, as being Milton's aim.—HUME.

Surely Hume is wrong: the whole of this imagery is beautiful.

[30] Ver. 208. *Invests the sea.* A phrase often used by the poets, who call darkness the mantle of the night, with which he *invests* the earth. Milton, in another place, has another such beautiful figure, and truly poetical, when speaking of the moon, b. iv. 609:—

And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

And in another place, b. ix. 52:—

Night's hemisphere had *veil'd* the horizon round.

Thus the epithet κυανόπεπλος is given to the night by Musæus. Statius has a similar expression to that of Milton, Theb. v. 51:—

——Ingenti tellurem proximus *umbra*
Vestit Athos, &c. CALLANDER.

[31] Ver. 211. *But that the will.* This is a material part of the poem; and the management of it is admirable. The poet has no where shown his judgment more, than in the reasons assigned, on account of which we find this rebel released from his adamantine chains, and at liberty to become the great, though bad agent of the poem. We may also notice the finely plain but majestic language in which these reasons are assigned.—DUNSTER.

[32] Ver. 222. *On each hand the flames,*
Driven backward, &c.

See the achievement of Britomart in Spenser, Faer. Qu. III. xi. 25. The circumstance of the fire, mixed with a most noisome smoke, which prevents her from entering into the house of Busyrane, is, I think, an obstacle which we meet with in 'The Seven Champions of Christendom.' And

there are many instances in this achievement parallel to those in the adventure of the Black Castle, and the Enchanted Fountain:—

> Therewith resolved to prove her utmost might,
> Her ample shield she threw before her face,
> And her sword's point directing forward right
> Assayl'd the flame; the which eftesoones gave place,
> And did itselfe divide with equall space,
> That through she passed; as a thonder-bolt
> Perceth the yielding ayre, &c.

Milton, who tempered and exalted the extravagance of romance with the dignity of Homer, has here given us a noble image, which, like Spenser's, seems to have had its foundation in some description which he had met with in books of chivalry.—T. WARTON.

[33] Ver. 226. *Incumbent on the dusky air,*
That felt unusual weight.

This conceit of the air's feeling unusual weight is borrowed from Spenser's description of the old dragon, Faer. Qu. I. xi. 18:—

> Then with his waving wings displayed wyde,
> Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground;
> And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
> The yielding *ayre*, which nigh *too feeble* found
> Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
> *To beare so great a weight.* THYER.

The superiority of Milton in nerve and compression is striking. Spenser breaks his descriptions into too many parts, by which he distracts his pictures; and I must advocate the dignity of blank verse over the diffuseness of Spenser's stanza.

[34] Ver. 232. *Torn from Pelorus.* Here again Milton brings in his learned allusions and illustrations: the picture is highly poetical and sublime.

[35] Ver. 249. *Farewell, happy fields,*
Where joy for ever dwells.
The pathos in this passage is exquisite.

[36] Ver. 254. *The mind is its own place, &c.* These are some of the extravagances of the Stoics, and could not be better ridiculed than they are here, by being put in the mouth of Satan in his present situation.—THYER.

Shakspeare says in Hamlet,—

There is nothing either good or bad, but
Thinking makes it so. TODD.

[37] Ver. 263. *Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.* Dr. Newton observes that this line is a very fine improvement upon Prometheus's answer to Mercury in Æschylus, Prom. Vinct. 965. 967. Compare also P. Fletcher's 'Locusts,' 1627, p. 37.

[38] Ver. 286. *The broad circumference*
Hung on his shoulders, like the moon.
See the shield of Radegund, Faer. Qu. v. v. 3. Here Milton shines in all his majestic splendor: his mighty imagination almost excels itself. There is indescribable magic in this picture.

[39] Ver. 289. *At evening, from the top of Fesolé,*
Or in Valdarno.
There is a spell sometimes even in the poet's selection of proper names: their very sound has a charm.

[40] Ver. 293. *Norwegian hills.* The hills of Norway, barren and rocky, but abounding in vast woods, from whence are brought masts of the largest size.—HUME.

The annotators leave unnoticed the marvellous grandeur of this description, while they babble on petty technicalities. The "walking over the burning marle" is astonishing and tremendous.

[41] Ver. 302. *Thick as autumnal leaves.* Here we see the impression of scenery made upon Milton's mind in his youth, when he was at Florence. This is a favourite passage with all readers of descriptive poetry. The account of Vallombrosa may be found in the volumes of numerous travellers.

[42] Ver. 305. *With fierce winds Orion arm'd.* Orion is a constellation represented in the figure of an armed man, and supposed to be attended with stormy weather:—"Assurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion." Virg. Æn. i. 539.—NEWTON.

Here the poet again introduces his learned historical allusions with a magnificent picture.

[43] Ver. 306. *Hath vex'd the Red-sea coast.* The Red-sea abounds so much with sedge, that in the Hebrew Scriptures it is called the "Sedgy Sea." And Milton says, "Hath vex'd the Red-sea coast," particularly because the wind usually drives the sedge in great quantities towards the shore.—NEWTON.

[44] Ver. 307. *Busiris.* Pharaoh is called by some writers Busiris.

[45] Ver. 308. *Perfidious hatred.* Because Pharaoh, after leave given to the Israelites to depart, followed after them as fugitives.—HUME.

[46] Ver. 310. *From the safe shore.* Much has been said of the long similitudes of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, wherein they fetch a compass, as it were, to draw in new images, besides those in which the direct point of likeness consists. I think they have been sufficiently justified in the general; but in this before us, while the poet is digressing, he raises a new similitude from the floating carcases of the Egyptians. —HEYLIN.

[47] Ver. 314. *The hollow deep*
Of hell resounded.

This magnificent call of Satan to his prostrate host could have been written by nobody but Milton.

[48] Ver. 343. *Darken'd all the land of Nile.* The devils, at the command of their infernal monarch, flying abroad over the world to injure the christian cause, are similarly compared by Tasso to black storms obscuring the face of day. (Gier. Lib. iv., 18.) And, where they are all driven back by Michael, it is said, ix. 66.:—

Libera di lor quella si *negra*
Faccia depone il *mondo*.—DUNSTER.

[49] Ver. 351. *A multitude, like which the populous north*
Pour'd never.

This comparison doth not fall below the rest, as some have imagined. They were thick as the leaves, and numberless as the locusts; but such a multitude the north *never* poured forth. The subject of this comparison rises very much above the others,—the leaves and locusts. The northern parts of the world are observed to be more fruitful of people than the hotter countries; hence "the populous north," which Sir William Temple calls "the northern hive."—NEWTON.

Dr. Newton does not seem to be aware that the three comparisons which he refers to, relate to the three different states in which these fallen angels are represented. When abject they lie supine on the lake, they are in this situation compared, in point of number, to vast heaps of leaves which in autumn the poet himself had observed to bestrew the water-courses and bottoms of Vallombrosa. When roused by their great leader's objurgatory summons, and on wing, they are in this second situation again compared, in point of number, to the locusts which were sent as a divine vengeance or plague on the land of Egypt, when

Pharaoh refused to let the Israelites depart: these two similes are admirable, and in their place could not, I believe, well be surpassed. That of the locusts, independently of its being taken from Scripture, far surpasses in every respect that of the birds of passage in Virgil and Tasso, which both poets have joined to that of leaves falling, to represent the numerous ghosts crowding on the banks of Styx, and the multitude of devils driven back by Michael to the infernal regions. The object of the third comparison is to illustrate the number of the fallen angels, when alighted on the firm brimstone; and, like soldiers, forming into bands under their respective leaders. In this situation, I doubt if he could well have found any thing so proper to compare them with, as the most numerous of troops which history records ever to have marched out upon any military expedition. But it must be allowed that the comparing one band of troops to another, where, though different in their nature, the description of them when embodied is so nearly similar, is rather an exemplification than a simile. Besides, comparing the numerous infernal legions to a circumstance of real undecorated history, is no very lucid or poetic illustration; and in this respect I much prefer the reference to the legends of romance and the fabulous ages, ver. 576, &c.—DUNSTER.

[50] Ver. 353. *When her barbarous sons.* They were truly *barbarous;* for besides exercising several cruelties, they destroyed all the monuments of learning and politeness wherever they came. They were the Goths, and Huns, and Vandals, who overran all the southern provinces of Europe; and, crossing the Mediterranean beneath Gibraltar, landed in Africa, and spread themselves as far as Libya. *Beneath Gibraltar* means, more southward, the north being uppermost in the globe.—NEWTON.

[51] Ver. 361. *Though of their names.* Psalm ix. 5, 6:—

"Thou hast put out their *name* for ever and ever: their *memorial* is perished with them." And Rev. iii. 5.:—"I will not blot his *name* out of the book of life."—GILLIES.

[52] Ver. 367. *By falsities and lies.* That is, as Mr. Upton observes, by *false idols,* under a corporeal representation *belying* the true God. The poet plainly alludes to Rom. i. 22.—NEWTON.

[53] Ver. 369. *And the invisible*
Glory of him that made them to transform, &c.
Alluding to Rom. i. 23.—NEWTON.

[54] Ver. 373. *And devils to adore for deities.* Levit. xvii. 7: —"They shall no more offer their sacrifices unto devils." And see also Ps. cvi. 37.—TODD.

[55] Ver. 376. *Say, Muse, their names then known.* For the enumeration of the Syrian and Arabian deities, it may be observed, that Milton has comprised in one hundred and thirty very beautiful lines, the two learned syntagmas, which Selden had composed on that abstruse subject.—Gibbon, Rom. Emp. vol. i. p. 539. note, 4to. edit. The exordium to this enumeration, "who first, who last," is from Homer, Il. v. 703:

Ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ' ὕστατον. TODD.

[56] Ver. 392. *First, Moloch, horrid king.* First, after Satan and Beëlzebub. *Moloch* signifies *king,* and he is called "*horrid* king," because of the human sacrifices which were made to him: the expression, "pass'd through fire," is taken from Leviticus xviii. 21. or 2 Kings, xxiii. 10. His idol was of brass, sitting on a throne, and wearing a crown; having the head of a calf, and his arms extended to receive the miserable victims which were to be sacrificed; and therefore it is here probably styled "his grim idol." He

was the god of the Ammonites, 1 Kings xi. 7, and was worshipped in Rabba, their capital city, called the "city of waters," 2 Sam. xi. 27; and in the neighbouring countries as far as to the river Arnon, the boundary of their country on the south.—NEWTON.

Dr. Newton also says that Moloch was supposed to be the same as Saturn: but Milton did not suppose it, or at least did not attend to the supposition; as Saturn himself is afterwards mentioned, verse 519. But Moloch has also been supposed to be Mars; with a view to which, Milton seems to have drawn his character in the second book. That the planet Mars was named Moloch by the Egyptians is mentioned by Beyer, in his 'Additamenta to Selden's Syntagma de Diis Syr.'—DUNSTER.

The part of Moloch is, in all its circumstances, full of that fire and fury which distinguish this spirit from the rest of the fallen angels. He is described in the first book as besmeared with the blood of human sacrifices, and delighted with the tears of parents and the cries of children: in the second book, he is marked out as the fiercest spirit that fought in heaven: and if we consider the figure which he makes in the sixth book, where the battle of the angels is described, we find it every way answerable to the same furious, enraged character.

It may be worth while to observe, that Milton has represented this violent impetuous spirit, who is hurried on by such precipitate passions, as the *first* that rises in that assembly to give his opinion on their present posture of affairs: accordingly, he declares himself abruptly for war; and appears incensed at h companions for losing so much time as even to deliberate upon it. All his sentiments are rash, audacious, and desperate: such is that of arming themselves with their tortures, and turning their punishments upon him who inflicted them. His preferring annihilation to shame or misery, is also highly suitable to his character; as the comfort he draws from disturbing the

peace of heaven, that, if it be not victory, it is revenge, is a sentiment truly diabolical, and becoming the bitterness of this implacable spirit.—ADDISON.

[57] Ver. 400. *The wisest heart*
Of Solomon he led.

Solomon built a temple to Moloch in the Mount of Olives, 1 Kings xi. 7, which is therefore called "that opprobrious hill."—NEWTON.

[58] Ver. 404. *The pleasant valley of Hinnom.* See Jer. vii. 31. It was called also *Tophet*, from the Hebrew *toph*, a drum; drums and such like noisy instruments being used to drown the cries of the miserable children who were offered to this idol: and Gehenna, or the valley of Hinnom, is, in several places of the New Testament, and by our Saviour himself, made the name and type of hell.—NEWTON.

[59] Ver. 406. *Next, Chemos.* Moloch and Chemos are joined together, 1 Kings xi. 7. And it was a natural transition from the god of the Ammonites to the god of their neighbours the Moabites. See a long geographical note by NEWTON.

[60] Ver. 417. *Lust hard by hate.* What a fine moral sentiment has Milton here introduced and couched in half a verse! He might perhaps have in view Spenser's 'Mask of Cupid,' where anger, strife, &c. are represented as immediately following Cupid in the procession.—THYER.

The poet's moral is exactly verified in the incestuous and cruel conduct of Amnon towards Tamar, 2 Sam. xiii. 15:—"Then Amnon hated her exceedingly; so that the hatred, wherewith he hated her, was greater than the love, wherewith he had loved her." The hemistich is a fine commentary on the passage.—TODD.

[61] Ver. 420. *Old Euphrates.* Gen. ii. 14. It bordered eastward on the Promised Land. See NEWTON.

[62] Ver. 422. *Bäalim and Ashtaroth.* They are frequently named together in Scripture. They were the general names of the gods and goddesses of Syria and Palestine: they are supposed to mean the sun and the host of heaven.—NEWTON.

[63] Ver. 423. *For spirits, when they please.* See Michael Psellus's Dialogue, published in Greek and Latin, at Paris, in 1615, concerning the Operations of Demons. See also Wierus, 'De Præstigiis Dæmonum,' 1582.—NEWTON and TODD.

The passage in the catalogue, explaining the manner how spirits transform themselves by contraction or enlargement of their dimensions, is introduced with great judgment, to make way for several accidents in the sequel of the poem. —ADDISON.

[64] Ver. 437. *With these in troop*
Came Astoreth.

The goddess of the Phœnicians, under which name the moon was adored. Solomon built her a temple on the Mount of Olives.—NEWTON.

[66] Ver. 444. *Whose heart, though large.* 1 Kings, iv. 29:- - "And God gave Solomon *largeness of heart.*"—TODD.

[68] Ver. 446. *Thammuz.* He was the god of the Syrians, the same with Adonis.—NEWTON.

[67] Ver. 455. *Ezekiel saw.* See Ezekiel, viii. 12.—TODD.

[68] Ver. 462. *Dagon his name.* See 1 Sam. v. 4.—NEWTON.

[69] Ver. 467. *Rimmon.* Rimmon was a god of the Syrians. —NEWTON.

[70] Ver. 473. *God's altar to disparage.* See 2 Kings xvi. 10; and 2 Chron. xxviii. 23.—NEWTON.

[71] Ver. 478. *Orus, &c.* Orus was the son of Osiris and Isis.—NEWTON.

[72] Ver. 482. *Nor did Israel 'scape*
The infection.
The Israelites, by dwelling so long in Egypt, were infected with the superstitions of the Egyptians.—NEWTON.

[73] Ver. 487. *Who in one night, when he pass'd.* See Exod. xii. 12. and Numb. xxxiii. 3, 4. See also Virg. Æn. viii. 698:—

Omnigenûmque Deûm monstra, et *latrator* Anubis.
NEWTON.

[74] Ver. 490. *Belial came last.* Belial is described in the first book as the idol of the lewd and the luxurious: he is in the second book, pursuant to that description, characterised as timorous and slothful; and, if we look into the sixth book, we find him celebrated in the battle of angels, for nothing but that scoffing speech which he makes to Satan, on their supposed advantage over the enemy. As his appearance is uniform, and of a piece, in these three several views, we find his sentiments in the infernal assembly every way conformable to his character. Such are his apprehensions of a second battle, his horrors of annihilation, his preferring to be miserable rather than *not to be.* I need not observe, that the contrast of thought in this speech, and that which precedes it, gives an agreeable variety to the debate.

Mammon's character is so fully drawn in the first book,

that the poet adds nothing to it in the second. We were told that he was the first who taught mankind to ransack the earth for gold and silver, and that he was the architect of Pandæmonium, or the infernal palace, where the evil spirits were to meet to counsel. His speech in the second book is every way suitable to so depraved a character. How proper is that reflection, of their being unable to taste the happiness of heaven, were they actually there, in the mouth of one, who, while he was in heaven, is said to have had his mind dazzled with the outward pomps and glories of the place, and to have been more intent on the riches of the pavement, than on the beatific vision! I shall also leave the reader to judge how agreeable the sentiments are to the same character, b. ii. 262, &c.

Beëlzebub, who is reckoned the second in dignity that fell, and is, in the first book, the second that awakens out of the trance, and confers with Satan on the situation of their affairs, maintains his rank in the second book.—ADDISON.

[75] Ver. 506. *These were the prime.* Because these are the idols, who are mentioned in the most ancient records, viz. by the sacred text.—CALLANDER.

[76] Ver. 508. *The Ionian gods.* Javan, the fourth son of Japhet, is supposed to have settled in the south-west part of Asia Minor, about *Ionia*.—NEWTON.

[77] Ver. 509. *Yet confess'd later.* See Deut. xxxii. 17.—TODD.

[78] Ver. 517. *The Delphian cliff.* The famous oracle of Apollo at Delphos; and Dodona, the oracle of Jupiter.—CALLANDER.

[79] Ver. 519. *Doric land.* Greece; *the Hesperian fields,*

Italy; and *o'er the Celtic*, France and the other countries overrun by the Celtes.—NEWTON.

[80] Ver. 521. *Utmost isles.* Britain, Ireland, and the adjacent islands.—CALLANDER.

[81] Ver. 529. *Semblance of worth, not substance.* Spenser, Faer. Qu. II. ix. 2:—

Full lively is the *semblaunt*, though the *substance* dead.
THYER.

[82] Ver. 534. *Azazel.* This name is used for some demon or devil by several ancient authors, Jewish and Christian. —NEWTON.

[83] Ver. 537. *Shone like a meteor.* This line has been borrowed by Gray, and applied to the description of his Bard, but with less grandeur and propriety.

[84] Ver. 541. *At which the universal host.* A most magnificent and inimitable passage.

[85] Ver. 550. —— *Dorian mood.* Exciting to cool and deliberate courage.—NEWTON.

[86] Ver. 572. *Hardening in his strength.* See Dan. v. 20: —"His *heart* was lifted up, and his mind *hardened in pride.*"—GILLIES.

[87] Ver. 579. *Mix'd with auxiliar gods.* In the war between the sons of Œdipus at Thebes, and between the Greeks and Trojans at Ilium, the heroes were assisted by the gods, who are therefore called *auxiliar gods.*—NEWTON.

[88] Ver. 580. *Uther's son.* King Arthur, whose exploits Milton once intended to celebrate in an epic poem.—TODD.

[89] Ver. 587. *By Fonturabia.* Borrowed from Dante. See Cary's Dante.

[90] Ver. 589. *He, above the rest.* The greatest masters in painting had not such sublime ideas as Milton; and, among all their devils, have drawn no portrait comparable to this; as every body must allow who has seen the pictures or the prints of 'Michael and the Devil,' by Raphael; or of the same by Guido; and of the 'Last Judgment,' by Michael Angelo.—NEWTON.

And in what does this poetical picture consist? In images of a tower; an archangel; the sun rising through mists, or in an eclipse; the ruin of monarchs; and the revolutions of kingdoms. The mind is hurried out of itself, by a crowd of great and confused images, which affect because they are crowded and confused: for, separate them, and you lose much of the greatness; and join them, and you infallibly lose the clearness.—BURKE.

I can find neither confusion nor obscurity in this passage. The firmness of the devil's station or posture is here compared to that of a tower, and his faded or diminished splendor to that of the sun seen through a morning haze, or from behind the moon during an eclipse; all which is perfectly clear; the objects of comparison being at once grand and illustrative; and the description of them, as far as they are described, distinct, correct, and circumstantial. The properties of solidity and firmness only, in the tower, being the objects of comparison, to have described its form or magnitude would have been silly and impertinent; but the diminution of brightness is an occasional effect; and when an occasional effect is made the object of poetical comparison or description, it is always necessary to state its causes and circumstances,—which the poet has here done with equal conciseness, precision, perspicuity, and energy; and it is to this that its sublimity is, in a great degree, owing.—R. P. KNIGHT.

[91] Ver. 594. *As when the sun, new-risen.* Few poetical images can be finer than this, or more beautifully expressed. The precision with which the image is delineated is incomparable.

[92] Ver. 609. *Millions of spirits for his fault amerced.* I must not here omit that beautiful circumstance of Satan's bursting into tears upon his survey of those innumerable spirits whom he had involved in the same guilt and ruin with himself.

There is no single passage in the whole poem worked up to a greater sublimity, than that wherein his person is described, ver. 589, &c. His sentiments are every way answerable to his character, and suitable to a created being of the most exalted and most depraved nature. Such is that in which he takes possession of the place of torments, ver. 250, &c., and afterwards, ver. 258, &c.

The catalogue of evil spirits has abundance of learning in it, and a very agreeable turn of poetry; which rises in a great measure from its describing the places where they were worshipped, by those beautiful marks of rivers so frequent among the ancient poets. The author had doubtless in this place Homer's catalogue of ships, and Virgil's list of warriors, in his view. The characters of Moloch and Belial prepare the reader's mind for their respective speeches and behaviour in the second and sixth books. The account of Thammuz is finely romantic, and suitable to what we read among the ancients of the worship which was paid to that idol.

The description of Azazel's stature, and the infernal standard which he unfurls; as also of that ghastly light by which the fiends appear to one another in their places of torments, are wonderfully poetical. Such are the shout of the whole host of fallen angels when drawn up in battle array; the review which the leader makes of his infernal army; the flash of light which appeared upon the drawing

of their swords; the sudden production of the Pandæmonium; the artificial illumination made in it.—ADDISON.

[93] Ver. 612. *As when heaven's fire Hath scathed.*

This is a very beautiful and close simile: it represents the majestic stature and withered glory of the angels; and the last with great propriety, since their lustre was impaired by thunder, as well as that of the trees in the simile; and besides, the blasted heath gives us some idea of that singed burning soil, on which the angels were standing. Homer and Virgil frequently use comparisons from trees, to express the stature or falling of a hero; but none of them are applied with such variety and propriety of circumstances as this of Milton. See 'an Essay upon Milton's Imitation of the Ancients,' p. 24.—NEWTON.

[94] Ver. 619. *Thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn, Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth.*

He had Ovid in his thought, Met. xi. 419:—

Ter conata loqui, ter fletibus ora rigavit.—BENTLEY.

The turn of the words bears a near resemblance to Spenser, Faer. Qu. I. xi. 41:—

Thrice he assaid it from his foote to draw,
And thrice in vain to draw it did assay.

As also to Sackville, 'Induction, Mirror for Magistrates,' st. last:—

Thryse he began to tell his doleful tale,
And thryse the sighs did swallow up his voyce.
BOWLE.

[95] Ver. 633. *Hath emptied heaven.* It is conceived that a third part of the angels fell with Satan, according to Rev. xii. 4.—NEWTON.

[96] Ver. 651. *There went a fame in heaven.* There is

something wonderfully beautiful, and very apt to affect the reader's imagination, in this ancient prophecy or report in heaven concerning the creation of man. Nothing could show more the dignity of the species than this tradition, which ran of them before their existence: they are represented to have been the talk of heaven before they were created. Virgil, in compliment to the Roman commonwealth, makes the heroes of it appear in their state of preexistence; but Milton does a far greater honour to mankind in general, as he gives us a glimpse of them even before they are in being.—ADDISON.

[97] Ver. 665. *The sudden blaze*
Far round illumined hell.
Another true Miltonic picture.

[98] Ver. 678. *Mammon led them on.* This name is Syriac, and signifies riches. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon," Matth. vi. 24. Mammon is by some supposed to be the god of riches, and is accordingly personified by Milton, and had been before by Spenser; whose description of Mammon and his cave, Milton seems to have had his eye upon in several places.—NEWTON.

[99] Ver. 699. *And hands innumerable scarce perform.* There were 360,000 men employed for near twenty years upon one of the Pyramids, according to Diodorus Siculus, lib. i., and Pliny, lib. xxxvi. 12.—NEWTON.

[100] Ver. 708. *As in an organ.* This simile is as exact as it is new: and we may observe, that Milton frequently fetches his images from music, more than any other English poet; as he was very fond of it, and was himself a performer upon the organ and other instruments.—NEWTON.

[101] Ver. 711. *Rose, like an exhalation.* Peck supposes that

this hint is taken from some of the moving scenes and machines invented by Inigo Jones, for Charles the First's masques.

[102] Ver. 740. *And how he fell*
From heaven, &c.

Alluding to Homer, Il. i. 590, &c. It is worth observing how Milton lengthens out the time of Vulcan's fall. He not only says with Homer, that it was all day long; but we are led through the parts of the day, from morn to noon, from noon to evening, and this a summer's day. See also Odyss. vii. 288.—NEWTON.

[103] Ver. 766. *To mortal combat, or career with lance.* Milton has carefully distinguished the two different methods of combat in the *champ clos*.—CALLANDER.

[104] Ver. 768. *As bees.* An imitation of Homer, who compares the Grecians crowding, to a *swarm of bees*, Il. ii. 87. There are such similes also in Virg. Æn. i. 430. vi. 707. But Milton carries the similitude farther than either of his great masters; and mentions the bees "conferring their state affairs," as he is going to give an account of the consultations of the devils.—NEWTON.

If we look into the conduct of Homer, Virgil, and Milton; as the great fable is the soul of each poem, so, to give their works an agreeable variety, their episodes are as so many short fables, and their similes so many short episodes; to which you may add, if you please, that their metaphors are so many short similes. If the reader considers the comparisons in the first book of Milton,—of the sun in an eclipse,—of the sleeping leviathan,—of the bees swarming about their hive,—of the fairy dance,—in the view wherein I have here placed them, he will easily discover the great beauties that are in each of those passages.—ADDISON.

[105] Ver. 771. *They among fresh dews and flowers.* It is not necessary to enlarge upon the poetry of this beautiful passage.

[106] Ver. 779. *Now less than smallest dwarfs.* As soon as the infernal palace is finished, we are told, the multitude and rabble of spirits immediately shrunk themselves into a small compass, that there might be room for such a numberless assembly in this capacious hall: but it is the poet's refinement upon this thought which I most admire, and which is indeed very noble in itself; for he tells us, that notwithstanding the vulgar, among the fallen spirits, contracted their forms, those of the first rank and dignity still preserved their natural dimensions.—ADDISON.

[107] Ver. 782. *Whose midnight revels.* Olaus Magnus, treating of the *night-dances* of the fairies and ghosts, relates that *travellers in the night*, and such as watch the flocks and herds, are wont to be compassed about with many strange apparitions of this kind. See b. III. ch. x. Engl. ed. fol. 1658.—TODD.

[108] Ver. 783. *Sees,*
Or dreams he sees.
From Apollonius Rhodius, one of his favourite authors, Argonaut. iv. 1479.—TODD.

[109] Ver. 785. *Sits arbitress.* Witness, spectatress. So Horace, Epod. v. 49:—

O, rebus meis
Non infideles *arbitræ*
Nox et Diana.—HEYLIN.

[110] Ibid. *Nearer to the earth.* This is said in allusion to the superstitious notion of witches and faeries having great power over the moon. Virg. Eclog. viii. 69:—

Carmina vel cœlo possunt deducere lunam.—NEWTON.

[111] Ver. 786. *They, on their mirth and dance Intent.*

One of those picturesque pastoral passages, with which Milton's early poetry so abounds.

[112] Ver. 795. *Secret conclave sat.* An evident allusion to the *conclaves* of the cardinals on the death of a pope.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

In tracing the progress of this poem by deliberate and minute steps, our wonder and admiration increase. The inexhaustible invention continues to grow upon us: each page, each line, is pregnant with something new, picturesque, and great: the condensity of the matter is without any parallel: the imagination often contained in a single passage is more than equal to all that secondary poets have produced: the fable of the voyage through Chaos is alone a sublime poem. Milton's descriptions of materiality have always touches of the spiritual, the lofty, and the empyreal.

Milton has too much condensation to be fluent; a line or two often conveys a world of images and ideas: he expatiates over all time, all space, all possibilities: he unites earth with heaven, with hell, with all intermediate existences, animate and inanimate; and his illustrations are drawn from all learning, historical, natural, and speculative. In him, almost always, "more is meant than meets the ear." An image, an epithet, conveys a rich picture.

What is the subject of observation may be told without genius; but the wonder and the greatness lie in invention, if the invention be noble, and according to the principles of possibility.

Who could have conceived,—or, if conceived, who could have expressed,—the voyage of Satan through Chaos, but Milton? Who could have invented so many distinct and grand obstacles in his way? and all picturesque, all poetical, and all the topics of intellectual meditation and reflection, or of spiritual sentiment?

All the faculties of the mind are exercised, stretched, and elevated at once by every page of 'Paradise Lost.'

Invention is the first and most indispensable essential of true poetry; but not the only one: the invention must have certain high, moral, sound, wise qualities; and, in addition to these, such as are picturesque or spiritual. It is easy to invent what is improbable or unnatural. Nothing will do which cannot command our belief.

Inventions either of character, imagery, or sentiment, taken separately in small fragments, may still have force and merit; but when they form an integral and appropriate part of a long whole, how infinitely their power, depth, and bearings, are increased!

In poetry, we must consider both the original conceptions and the illustrations: each derives interest and strength from the other: a mere copy of an image drawn from nature may have some beauty; but the invention and the essential poetry lie in their complex use, when applied as an embodiment to something intellectual. Imagery is almost always so used by Milton; and so it was used by Homer and Virgil. This gives a new light to the mind of the reader, and creates combinations which perhaps did not before exist: the poet thus spiritualises matter, and materialises spirit. When what is presented is merely such scenery of nature as the painter can give by lines and colours, it falls far short of the poet's power and charm. Poetry, purely descriptive, is not of the first order.

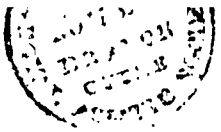
There are lines in the 'Paradise Lost,' which would seem to be mere abstract opinions; but they are not so: inset as they are into the course of a sublime, dense-wove narrative, they derive colour and character from the position which they occupy. So placed, their plainness is their strength and their spell: ornamented language would have weakened them. Of all styles, the uniformly florid is the most fatiguing.

That Milton could bring so much learning, as well as so much imaginative invention, to bear on every part of his infinitely-extended, yet thick-compacted fable, is truly miraculous. Were the learning superficial and loosely applied, the wonder would not be great, or not nearly so great; but it is always profound, solid, conscientious; and in its combinations original.

Bishop Atterbury has said, in opposition to the general opinion, that the allegory of Sin and Death is one of the finest inventions of the poem. I agree with him most sincerely. The portress of the gates of hell sits there in a character, and with a tremendous figure and attributes, which no imagination less gigantic than Milton's could have drawn. Is it to be objected that Sin and Death are imaginary persons, when all the persons of the poem, except Adam and Eve, are imaginary? Realities, in the strict sense, do not make the most essential parts of poetry.

ARGUMENT OF BOOK II.

THE consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferiour, to themselves, about this time to be created: their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to hell gates; finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them; by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between hell and heaven: with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

High on a throne[1] of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous east[2] with richest hand
Showers on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,[3]
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence: and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high; insatiate to pursue
Vain war with heaven, and, by success untaught,
His proud imaginations thus display'd:—
  Powers and Dominions, Deities of heaven,
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and fallen,
I give not heaven for lost: from this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.

Me though just right and the fix'd laws of heaven
Did first create your leader; next free choice,
With what besides, in council or in fight,
Hath been achieved of merit; yet this loss,
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferiour; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in hell
Precedence; none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old;
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us: and by what best way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate. Who can advise, may speak.
He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptred king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with the Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Cared not to be at all: with that care lost

Vent all his fear · of God, or hell, or worse,
He reck'd not; and these words thereafter spake.—
My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? no; let us rather choose,
Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder; and for lightning see
Black fire and horrour shot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his throne itself
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep, to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumm not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce Foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight

We sunk thus low? the ascent is easy then:—
The event is fear'd; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction; if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour[6]
Calls us to penance? more destroy'd than thus,
We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the highth enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential; happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being;—
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing: and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:[7]
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.

He ended frowning,[8] and his look denounced
Desperate revenge and battel dangerous
To less than gods. On the other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane:
A fairer person lost not heaven; he seem'd
For dignity composed and high exploit:

But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropp'd manna, and could make the worse appear[9]
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels; for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began:—
I should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urged,
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success:
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? the towers of heaven are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable; oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise,
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light; yet our great Enemy
All incorruptible would on his throne
Sit unpolluted,[10] and the ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope

Is flat despair: we must exasperate
The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us; that must be our cure,
To be no more: sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,[11]
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence,[12] or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel war;—we are decreed,
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?—Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What! when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What, if the breath, that kindled[13] those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what, if all

Her stores were open'd, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrours, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads? while we, perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurl'd,
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapp'd in chains:
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end? this would be worse.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from heaven's highth
All these our motions vain sees and derides;
Not more almighty to resist our might,
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven,
Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here
Chains and these torments? better these than worse,
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal; nor the law unjust
That so ordains. This was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a Foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those, who at the spear are bold
And venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear

What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their Conquerour. This is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our Supreme Foe in time may much remit
His anger; and perhaps thus far removed
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punish'd: whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour; or, inured, not feel;
Or changed at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horrour will grow mild, this darkness light:
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting: since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe.
Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb
Counsell'd ignoble ease and peaceful sloth,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake:—
Either to disinthrone the King of heaven
We war, if war be best; or to regain
Our own right lost. Him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former, vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within heaven's bound, unless heaven's Lord supreme

We overpower? Suppose he should relent
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forced halleluiahs; while he lordly sits
Our envied Sovran, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In heaven, this our delight: how wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue,
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage: but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves; and from our own
Live to ourselves;[14] though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable; preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create; and in what place soe'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? how oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark[15] doth heaven's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Mustering their rage, and heaven resembles hell!

As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? this desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can heaven show more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements; these piercing fires
As soft as now severe; our temper changed
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels,[16] and the settled state
Of order; how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are, and where; dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise.
He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain[17]
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Sea-faring men o'erwatch'd,[18] whose bark by chance,
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard
As Mammon ended; and his sentence pleased,
Advising peace: for such another field
They dreaded worse than hell: so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michaël
Wrought still within them: and no less desire
To found this nether empire; which might rise,
By policy and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to heaven.
Which when Beëlzebub[19] perceived, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave

Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state: deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies: his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake:—
Thrones and imperial Powers, offspring of heaven,
Ethereal Virtues; or these titles now
Must we renounce, and, changing style, be call'd
Princes of hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire. Doubtless; while we dream,
And know not that the King of Heaven hath doom'd
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne; but to remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
Under the inevitable curb, reserved
His captive multitude: for he, be sure,
In highth or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt; but over hell extend
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden those in heaven.
What sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determined us, and foil'd with loss
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none

Vouchsafed or sought: for what peace will be given
To us enslaved, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But to our power hostility and hate,
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conquerour least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault, or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprize? There is a place,
(If ancient and prophetic fame in heaven
Err not) another world, the happy seat
Of some new race call'd Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence; but favour'd more
Of Him who rules above: so was his will
Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath,
That shook heaven's whole circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit; of what mould,
Or substance; how endued, and what their power,
And where their weakness; how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though heaven be shut,
And heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left

To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset; either with hell fire
To waste his whole creation; or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny habitants; or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion; and our joy upraise
In his disturbance: when his darling sons,
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original and faded bliss,
Faded so soon. Advise, if this be worth
Attempting; or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires.—Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed. For whence,
But from the authour of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleased highly those infernal States, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews:—
Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
Synod of gods! and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved; which from the lowest
deep

Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence, with neighbouring arms
And opportune excursion, we may chance
Re-enter heaven; or else in some mild zone
Dwell, not unvisited of heaven's fair light,
Secure; and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious air,
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But, first, whom shall we send
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way? or spread his aery flight,
Upborne with undefatigable wings,
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle?[20] what strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict senteries and stations thick
Of angels watching round? here he had need
All circumspection; and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage: for on whom we send,
The weight of all, and our last hope, relies.
This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each

In other's countenance read his own dismay,
Astonish'd: none among the choice and prime
Of those heaven-warring champions could be found,
So hardy, as to proffer or accept
Alone the dreadful voyage: till at last,
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake:
O progeny of heaven, empyreal thrones,
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismay'd. Long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light:
Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant
Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.
These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential Night[21] receives him next,
Wide gaping; and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.
If thence he 'scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region; what remains him less
Than unknown dangers and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne,[22] O peers,
And this imperial sovranty, adorn'd
With splendour, arm'd with power, if aught proposed
And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,

Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honour'd sits? Go, therefore, mighty powers,
Terrour of heaven, though fallen! intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion. Intermit no watch
Against a wakeful Foe; while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprize
None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
The monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, lest from his resolution raised
Others among the chief might offer now,
Certain to be refused, what erst they fear'd;
And so refused might in opinion stand
His rivals; winning cheap the high repute,
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more the adventure, than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose:
Their rising all at once[23] was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a god
Extol him equal to the Highest in heaven.
Nor fail'd they to express how much they praised,

That for the general safety he despised
His own: for neither do the spirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue;[24] lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief:
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps,[25] o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face; the louring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landskip snow, or shower:
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds; men only disagree[26]
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace; and, God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
As if, which might induce us to accord,
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait.

The Stygian council thus dissolved; and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers:
Midst came their mighty paramount,[27] and seem'd
Alone the antagonist of Heaven; nor less
Than hell's dread emperour, with pomp supreme

And God-like imitated state: him round
A globe of fiery seraphim inclosed,
With bright imblazonry and horrent arms.
Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpets' regal sound the great result:
Toward the four winds four speedy cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,
By harald's voice explain'd: the hollow abyss
Heard far and wide; and all the host of hell
With deafening shout return'd them loud acclaim.
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat raised
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Disband; and, wandering, each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplex'd; where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours, till his great chief return.
Part, on the plain,[28] or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing or in swift race contend,
As at the Olympian games, or Pythian fields:
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form.
As when to warn proud cities war appears
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battel in the clouds,[29] before each van
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears
Till thickest legions close: with feats of arms
From either end of heaven the welkin burns.
Others, with vast Typhœan rage more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air

In whirlwind: hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides, from Œchalia crown'd
With conquest, felt the envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines;
And Lichas from the top of Œta threw
Into the Euboic sea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall
By doom of battel; and complain that fate
Free virtue should inthral to force or chance.
Their song was partial; but the harmony,
What could it less when spirits immortal sing?
Suspended hell,[30] and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet,
(For eloquence the soul,[31] song charms the sense)
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate;[32]
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute:
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame;
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy:
Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope; or arm the obdured breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps,

Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers,[33] that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams:
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watery labyrinth; whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies, dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind, and dire hail which on firm land
Thaws not; but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile: all else deep snow and ice;
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns frore,[34] and cold performs the effect of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed furies haled,
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce:
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth; and there to pine
Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.

They ferry over this Lethean sound...
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness [35] all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink:
But Fate withstands, and to oppose the attempt
Medusa with Gorgonian terrour guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands,
With shuddering horrour pale, and eyes aghast,
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, [36] lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived,
Gorgons, and hydras, and chimæras dire.
Meanwhile, the adversary of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of hell [37]
Explores his solitary flight: sometimes

He scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the left;
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave towering high.
As when far off at sea [38] a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood
Through the wide Æthiopian to the Cape
Ply, stemming nightly toward the pole: so seem'd
Far off the flying fiend. At last appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock,
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire, [39]
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat [40]
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of hell hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal: yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there still bark'd and howl'd
Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:

Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lured with the smell of infant blood,[41] to dance
With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon[42]
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,[43]
If shape it might be call'd, that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast,
With horrid strides; hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted fiend what this might be admired;
Admired, not fear'd: God and his Son except,
Created thing[44] naught valued he, nor shunn'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began:—
Whence and what art thou,[45] execrable shape,
That darest, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave ask'd of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly; and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heaven!
To whom the goblin full of wrath replied:—
Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms

Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons
Conjured against the Highest; for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heaven,
Hell-doom'd, and breathest defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings;
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart,
Strange horrour seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.
So spake the grisly terrour; and in shape,
So speaking, and so threatening, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform: on the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd, [46]
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian; [47] then stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air;
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown; so match'd they stood;
For never but once more was either like

To meet so great a Foe :[48] and now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress, that sat
Fast by hell gate, and kept the fatal key,
Risen, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.
O father, what intends thy hand, she cried,
Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom?
For him who sits above, and laughs the while
At thee, ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.
She spake, and at her words the hellish pest
Forbore; then these to her Satan return'd :—
So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd; and why,
In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son:
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee.
To whom thus the portress of hell gate replied:
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul, once deem'd so fair
In heaven? when at the assembly, and in sight
Of all the seraphim with thee combined
In bold conspiracy against heaven's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surprised thee; dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum

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In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth; till on the left side opening wide,
Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,
Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess arm'd,
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seized
All the host of heaven; back they recoil'd afraid
At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign
Portentous held me: but, familiar grown,
I pleased, and with attractive graces won
The most averse; thee chiefly; who, full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
Becamest enamour'd; and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret, that my womb conceived
A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,
And fields were fought in heaven; wherein remain'd
(For what could else?) to our Almighty Foe
Clear victory, to our part loss and rout
Through all the empyrean: down they fell
Driven headlong from the pitch of heaven, down
Into this deep, and in the general fall
I also; at which time this powerful key
Into my hand was given, with charge to keep
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb,
Pregnant by thee and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,
Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew

Transform'd: but he, my inbred enemy,
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart
Made to destroy: I fled, and cried out, *Death*;
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves,[50] and back resounded, *Death*.
I fled, but he pursued, though more, it seems,
Inflamed with lust than rage; and, swifter far,
Me overtook, his mother, all dismay'd;
And, in embraces forcible and foul
Ingendering with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry
Surround me, as thou saw'st; hourly conceived
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me: for, when they list, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth
Afresh with conscious terrours vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on;
And me his parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involved; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounced.
But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though temper'd heavenly; for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd, and the subtle fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth:—

Dear daughter,[51] since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in heaven, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Befallen us, unforeseen, unthought of; know,
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
Both him and thee, and all the heavenly host
Of spirits, that, in our just pretences arm'd,
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
Myself expose; with lonely steps to tread
The unfounded deep, and through the void immense
To search with wandering quest a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created, vast and round, a place of bliss
In the purlieus of heaven, and therein placed
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room; though more removed,
Lest heaven, surcharged with potent multitude,
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or aught
Than this more secret, now design'd, I haste
To know; and, this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably; all things shall be your prey.
He ceased, for both seem'd highly pleased, and Death

Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd, and bless'd his maw
Destined to that good hour: no less rejoiced
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:—
The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of heaven's all-powerful King,
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above,
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office, here confined,
Inhabitant of heaven and heavenly-born,
Here, in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrours and with clamours compass'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my authour, thou
My being gavest me; whom should I obey
But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The gods who live at ease; where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.
Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,[52]
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,
Which but herself not all the Stygian powers
Could once have moved; then in the keyhole turns
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar

Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens: on a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her power;[53] the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host,
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep;[54] a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and highth,
And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos,[55] ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand:
For hot, cold,[56] moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battel bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,

He rules a moment:[57] Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more imbroils the fray,
By which he reigns: next him, high arbiter,
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,
The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave,—
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds;—
Into this wild abyss the wary fiend
Stood on the brink of hell,[58] and look'd a while,
Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd
With noises loud and ruinous, (to compare
Great things with small) than when Bellona storms,
With all her battering engines bent to rase
Some capital city; or less than if this frame
Of heaven were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The stedfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides
Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity: all unawares
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep; and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,

Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying;[59] behoves him now both oar and sail.[60]
As when a gryphon, through the wilderness
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold; so eagerly the fiend,
O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,[61]
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
At length a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds and voices all confused,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever power
Or spirit of the nethermost abyss[62]
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies,
Bordering on light; when straight behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread[63]
Wide on the wasteful deep: with him enthroned
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades,[64] and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon;[65] Rumour next, and Chance,
And Tumult and Confusion all imbroil'd;
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

To whom Satan turning boldly, thus:—Ye powers,

And spirits of this nethermost abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm; but by constraint
Wandering this darksome desert,—as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,—
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with heaven; or if some other place,
From your dominion won, the ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound: direct my course;
Directed, no mean recompense it brings
To your behoof, if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkness and your sway,
Which is my present journey, and once more
Erect the standard there of ancient Night:
Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge.
Thus Satan; and him thus the anarch old,
With faltering speech and visage incomposed,
Answer'd:—I know thee, stranger, who thou art;
That mighty leading angel, who of late
Made head against heaven's King, though overthrown.
I saw and heard; for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and heaven gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here

Keep residence; if all I can will serve,
That little which is left so to defend,
Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils
Weakening the sceptre of old Night: first hell,
Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately heaven and earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain[66]
To that side heaven from whence your legions
fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger: go, and speed:
Havock, and spoil, and ruin are my gain.
He ceased; and Satan stay'd not to reply;
But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity and force renew'd
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,[67]
Into the wild expanse; and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environ'd, wins his way; harder beset
And more endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd
Through Bosporus betwixt the justling rocks:
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd
Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steer'd.
So he with difficulty and labour hard
Moved on, with difficulty and labour he;
But he once past, soon after, when man fell,
(Strange alteration!) Sin and Death amain
Following his track, (such was the will of Heaven)
Paved after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamely endured a bridge[68] of wondrous length,
From hell continued, reaching the utmost orb

Of this frail world; by which the spirits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good angels guard by special grace.
But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of heaven
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn: here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire
As from her outmost works, a broken foe,
With tumult less and with less hostile din;
That Satan, with less toil, and now with ease,
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light;[69]
And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off the empyreal heaven, extended wide
In circuit, undetermined square or round,
With opal towers and battlements adorn'd
Of living sapphire, once his native seat;
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent world, in bigness as a star[70]
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accursed, and in a cursed hour, he hies.

NOTES ON BOOK II.

[1] Verse 1. *High on a throne.* See Spenser, Faery Queen, I. iv. 8:—

> High above all a cloth of state was spred,
> And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
> On which there sate, &c. Stillingfleet.

[2] Ver. 3. *Or where the gorgeous east.* See Spenser, Faery Queen, III. iv. 23:—

> It did passe
> The wealth of the East, and pomp of Persian kings.
> Newton.

[3] Ver. 4. *Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.* It was the eastern ceremony, at the coronation of their kings, to powder them with *gold-dust* and *seed-pearl*. In the 'Life of Timur-bec, or Tamerlane,' written by a Persian contemporary author, are the following words, as translated by Mons. Petit de la Croix, in the account there given of his coronation, b. II. c. i.:—"Les princes du sang-royal et les émirs répandirent à pleines mains," with liberal hand, "sur sa tête quantité d'or et de pierreries selon la coutume." —Warburton.

See Virgil, Æn. ii. 504:—

> *Barbarico* postes *auro* spoliisque superbi.

[4] Ver. 33. *None, whose portion.* The sense and syntax are plain enough. There is no one, whose portion of present pain is so small, that he will be ambitious to covet more.

[5] Ver. 40. *By what best way.* See Spenser, F. Q. VII. vi. 21.—TODD.

[6] Ver. 91. *The torturing hour.* Gray has borrowed these words at the opening of his 'Hymn to Adversity.'

[7] Ver. 104. *Fatal throne.* That is, *upheld by fate,* as he expresses it, b. i. 133.—NEWTON.

[8] Ver. 106. *He ended frowning.* Nobody of any taste or understanding will deny the beauty of the following paragraph; in the whole of which there is not one metaphorical or figurative word. In what then does the beauty of it consist? In the justness of the thought, in the propriety of the expression, in the art of the composition, and in the variety of the versification.—MONBODDO.

[9] Ver. 113. *And could make the worse appear.* Word for word from the known profession of the ancient sophists, Τὸν λόγον τὸν ἥττω κρείττω ποιεῖν.—BENTLEY.

[10] Ver. 138. *Would on his throne*
Sit unpolluted.

This is a reply to that part of Moloch's speech, where he had threatened to mix the throne itself of God with infernal sulphur and strange fire.—NEWTON.

[11] Ver. 146. *For who would lose,*
Though full of pain, this intellectual being.

See Gray's celebrated stanza in his Elegy,

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey, &c.

[12] Ver. 156. *Through impotence.* Weakness of mind.—PEARCE.

[13] Ver. 170. *Breath, that kindled.* See Isaiah, xxx. 33. —NEWTON.

[14] Ver. 254. *Live to ourselves.* Horace, Epist. I. xviii. 107:—

Ut mihi vivam,
Quod superest ævi.—NEWTON.

[15] Ver. 263. *How oft amidst*
Thick clouds and dark.
Imitated from Psal. xviii. 11. 13; and xcvii. 2.—NEWTON: and from 1 Kings, viii. 12.—TODD.

[16] Ver. 279. *To peaceful counsels.* These speeches are wonderfully fine; but the question is changed in the course of the debate.—NEWTON.

[17] Ver. 285. *As when hollow rocks retain.* Virgil compares the assent given by the assembly of the gods to Juno's speech, Æn. x. 96. to the rising wind, which our author assimilates to its decreasing murmurs.—HUME.

Newton observes that this was equally proper; as Juno's speech was to rouse; Mammon's, to quiet.

[18] Ver. 287. *Now with hoarse cadence lull*
Seafaring men o'erwatch'd.
A noble poetical picture.

[19] Ver. 299. *Which when Beëlzebub.* Beëlzebub maintains his rank in the book now before us. There is a wonderful majesty described in his rising up to speak. He acts as a kind of moderator between the two opposite parties, and proposes a third undertaking, which the whole assembly gives into. The motion he makes of detaching one of their body in search of a new world, is grounded upon a project devised by Satan, and cursorily proposed by

him in the first book, ver. 650, et seq. upon which project Beëlzebub grounds his proposal in the present book, ver. 344, &c.—ADDISON.

[20] Ver. 410. *The happy isle.* The earth hanging in the sea of air. So Cicero calls the earth, De Nat. Deor. ii. 66:—"Quasi magnam quandam *insulam*, quam nos orbem terræ vocamus."—NEWTON.

[21] Ver. 439. *Of unessential Night.* Unessential, void of being; darkness approaching nearest to, and being the best resemblance of, non-entity.—HUME.

[22] Ver. 445. *But I should ill become this throne.* The whole speech, from this line, is wonderfully beautiful in every respect. But the reason why I have quoted it, is, to show how the poet supports Satan's

Monarchal pride, conscious of highest worth,

as he expresses it. In the line

But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,

I have no doubt but he had in view the speech of Sarpedon in Homer; in which indeed the thought is Homer's, "That a king, being most honoured, should likewise expose himself most to danger." But Milton has given it so much of the rhetorical cast, and dressed it so up with sentences and enthymemas, after the manner of Demosthenes, who, as I have said elsewhere, was his model for speeches, that Homer is hardly to be found in it.—MONBODDO.

[23] Ver. 476. *Their rising all at once.* The rising of this great assembly is described in a very sublime and poetical manner.—ADDISON.

[24] Ver. 482. *Neither do the spirits damn'd*
Lose all their virtue.

This seems to have been a sarcasm on the bad men of Milton's time.

[25] Ver. 489. *While the north wind sleeps.* A simile of perfect beauty: it illustrates the delightful feeling resulting from the contrast of the stormy debate with the light that seems subsequently to break in upon the assembly.

[26] Ver. 497. *Men only disagree.* This has allusion to the contentious age in which Milton lived and wrote.—THYER.

[27] Ver. 508. *Midst came their mighty paramount.* Here Satan's pre-eminence is described with a mighty splendour.

[28] Ver. 528. *Part on the plain.* The diversions of the fallen angels, with the particular account of their place of habitation, are described with great pregnancy of thought and copiousness of invention. The diversions are every way suitable to beings who had nothing left them but strength and knowledge misapplied. Such are their contentions at the race, and in feats of arms, with their entertainments at v. 539, &c.

Their music is employed in celebrating their own criminal exploits; and their discourse, in sounding the unfathomable depths of fate, free will, and foreknowledge.—ADDISON.

[29] Ver. 534. *Armies rush*
To battel in the clouds.
Another image of sublime poetry.

[30] Ver. 554. *Suspended hell.* The effect of their singing is somewhat like that of Orpheus in hell, Virg. Georg. iv. 481.—NEWTON.

[31] Ver. 556. *For eloquence the soul.* Here is the preference given to intellect above the pleasures of the senses.

[32] Ver. 559. *Foreknowledge, will, and fate.* The turn of the words here is admirable, and very well expresses the wanderings and mazes of their discourse: and the turn of the words is greatly improved, and rendered still more beautiful, by the addition of an epithet to each of them.—NEWTON.

[33] Ver. 574. *Along the banks*
Of four infernal rivers.

The several circumstances in the description of hell are finely imagined; as the four rivers which disgorge themselves into the sea of fire, the extremes of cold and heat, and the river of oblivion. The monstrous animals, produced in that infernal world, are represented by a single line, which gives us a more horrid idea of them than a much longer description would have done:—

worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived.

This episode of the fallen spirits, and their place of habitation, comes in very happily to unbend the mind of the reader from its attention to the debate. An ordinary poet would indeed have spun out so many circumstances to a great length, and by that means have weakened, instead of illustrated, the principal fable.—ADDISON.

[34] Ver. 595. *Burns frore.* See Ecclus. xlii. 20, 21: "When the cold north-wind bloweth, it devoureth the mountains, and *burneth* the wilderness, and consumeth the grass *as fire.*"—NEWTON.

[35] Ver. 608. *In sweet forgetfulness.* This is a fine allegory, to show that there is no forgetfulness in hell. Memory makes a part of the punishment of the damned, and the reflection but increases their misery.—NEWTON.

[36] Ver. 621. *Rocks, caves,* &c. Milton's are the
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of *death*:

and the idea, caused by a word, which nothing but a word could annex to the others, raises a very great degree of the sublime; which is raised yet higher by what follows, A UNIVERSE OF DEATH.—BURKE.

[37] Ver. 631. *Toward the gates of hell.* The flight of Satan to the gates of hell is finely imagined.—ADDISON.

[38] Ver. 636. *As when far off at sea.* Satan, "towering high," is here compared to a fleet of Indiamen discovered at a distance, as it were "hanging in the clouds," as a fleet at a distance seems to do. This is the whole of the comparison; but, as Dr. Pearce observes, Milton in his similitudes, (as is the practice of Homer and Virgil too) after he has shown the common resemblance, often takes the liberty of wandering into some unresembling circumstances; which have no other relation to the comparison than that it gave him the hint, and as it were set fire to the train of his imagination.—NEWTON.

[39] Ver. 647. *Impaled with circling fire.* Perhaps Milton might take the hint of this circumstance from his favourite romances, where we frequently meet with the gates of enchanted castles thus *impaled with circling fire*.—THYER.

[40] Ver. 648. *Before the gates there sat.* Here begins the famous allegory of Milton, which is a sort of paraphrase on St. James, i. 15:—"Then, when Lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth Sin; and Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth Death." The first part of the allegory says only, that Satan's intended voyage was dangerous to his being, and that he resolved however to venture.—RICHARDSON.

[41] Ver. 664. *Lured with the smell of infant blood.* Here is a mixture of classical and demonological learning. Compare Æschylus, 'Eumenid.' 246. ed. Schütz.; and Wierus, 'De Lamiis,' 4to. 1582, coll. 240, 241.—TODD.

[42] Ver. 665. *The labouring moon.* The ancients believed the moon greatly affected by magical practices; and the Latin poets call the eclipses of the moon *labores lunæ.* The three foregoing lines, and the former part of this, contain a short account of what was once believed, and in Milton's time not so ridiculous as now.—RICHARDSON.

[43] Ver. 666. *The other shape.* See Spenser, F. Q. VII. vii. 46.—THYER.

[44] Ver. 678. *God and his Son except,*
Created thing.

The commentators try in vain to justify this ungrammatical expression.

[45] Ver. 681. *Whence, and what art thou?* Milton has interwoven in the texture of his fable some particulars which do not seem to have probability enough for an epic poem; particularly in the actions which he ascribes to Sin and Death, and the picture which he draws of the Limbo of Vanity, with other passages in the second book. Such allegories rather savour of the spirit of Spenser and Ariosto, than of Homer and Virgil.

It is, however, a very finished piece of its kind, when it is not considered as a part of an epic poem. The genealogy of the several persons is contrived with great delicacy: Sin is the daughter of Satan, and Death the offspring of Sin: the incestuous mixture between Sin and Death produces those monsters and hell-hounds, which from time to time enter into their mother, and tear the bowels of her who gave them birth: these are the terrors of an evil conscience, and the proper fruits of Sin, which naturally rise from the apprehensions of death. This last beautiful moral is, I think, clearly intimated in the speech of Sin, where, complaining of this her dreadful issue, she adds:—

Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe; who sets them on,
And me, his parent, would full soon devour

For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involved.

I need not mention to the reader the beautiful circumstance in the last part of this quotation: he will likewise observe how naturally the three persons concerned in this allegory are tempted, by one common interest, to come into a confederacy together; and how properly Sin is made the portress of hell, and the only being that can open the gates of that world of tortures.

The descriptive part of this allegory is likewise very strong, and full of sublime ideas. The figure of Death, the regal crown upon his head, the menace of Satan, his advancing to the combat, the outcry at his birth, are circumstances too noble to be passed over in silence, and extremely suitable to this king of terrors. I need not mention the justness of thought, which is observed in the generation of these several symbolical persons; that Sin was produced upon the first revolt of Satan, that Death appeared soon after he was cast into hell, and that the terrors of conscience were conceived at the gate of this place of torments. The description of the gates is very poetical, as the opening of them is full of Milton's spirit.—ADDISON.

Addison seems to have been strangely nice in the objection to the introduction of these shadowy beings into an epic poem; and so thought Dr. Newton.

[46] Ver. 708. *And like a comet burn'd.* The ancient poets frequently compare a hero in his shining armour to a comet. Poetry delights in omens, prodigies, and such wonderful events as were supposed to follow upon the appearance of comets, eclipses, and the like.—NEWTON.

[47] Ver. 716. *Over the Caspian.* With great judgment did the poet take this simile from the Caspian; for that sea is remarkably tempestuous. See 'Purchas his Pilgrimes,' part iii. p. 241: and Horace, Ode II. ix. 2.—BOWLE.

[48] Ver. 722. *So great a Foe.* Jesus Christ, who, as it follows v. 734, will one day destroy both Death, and "him that has the power of death, that is, the devil." Heb. ii. 14. —NEWTON.

[49] Ver. 758. *Out of thy head I sprung.* Sin is rightly made to spring out of the head of Satan, as Wisdom or Minerva did out of Jupiter's; and Milton describes the birth of the one very much in the same manner as the ancient poets have described that of the other, particularly the author of the 'Hymn to Minerva,' vulgarly ascribed to Homer: and what follows seems to be a hint improved upon Minerva's being ravished soon after her birth by Vulcan, as we may learn from Lucian, 'Dial. Vulcani et Jovis,' et 'de Domo.'—NEWTON.

[50] Ver. 789. *From all her caves.* Virgil, Æn. ii. 53.

Insonuere cavæ, gemitumque dedere, cavernæ.
HUME.

The repetition of *Death* here is a beauty of the same kind as that of the name of Eurydice in Virgil, Georg. iv. 525. and of Hylas, Ecl. vi. 44.—NEWTON.

But how infinitely more sublime!

[51] Ver. 817. *Dear daughter.* Satan had now learned his lore or lesson; and the reader will observe how artfully he changes his language: he had said before that he had never seen "sight more detestable;" but now it is *dear daughter,* and *fair son.*—NEWTON.

[52] Ver. 871. *Thus saying, from her side the fatal key.* It is one great part of the poet's art to know when to describe things in general, and when to be very circumstantial and particular. Milton has in these lines showed his judgment in this respect: the first opening of the gates of hell by Sin is an incident of that importance, that, if I can guess by my

own, every reader's attention must be greatly excited, and consequently as highly gratified, by the minute detail of particulars our author has given us. It may with justice be farther observed, that in no part of the poem the versification is better accommodated to the sense. The drawing up of the portcullis, the turning of the key, the sudden shooting of the bolts, and the flying open of the doors, are in some sort described by the very break and sound of the verses.—THYER.

[53] Ver. 883. *She open'd, but to shut*
Excell'd her power.

The grandeur here both of the thought and the picture is incomparable.

[54] Ver. 891. *The secrets of the hoary deep.* This prospect, as the gates flew open, astonishes the imagination, and awakens all its curiosity.

[55] Ver. 894. *Where eldest Night*
And Chaos.

All the ancient naturalists, philosophers, and poets, hold that Chaos was the first principle of all things; and the poets particularly make Night a goddess, and represent Night or darkness, and Chaos or confusion, as exercising uncontrolled dominion from the beginning. Thus Orpheus, in the beginning of his Hymn to Night, addresses her as the mother of the gods and men, and origin of all things. See also Spenser in imitation of the ancients, F. Q. I. v. 22. And Milton's system of the universe is, in short, that the empyrean heaven, and chaos, and darkness, were before the creation, heaven above and chaos beneath; and then, upon the rebellion of the angels; first, hell was formed out of chaos, stretching far and wide beneath; and afterwards heaven and earth, another world hanging over the realm of chaos, and won from his dominion.—NEWTON.

[56] Ver. 898. *For hot, cold, &c.* Ovid. Met. i. 19:—

Frigida pugnabant calidis, humentia siccis,
Mollia cum duris, sine pondere habentia pondus.

The reader may compare this whole description of Chaos with Ovid's, and he will easily see how the Roman poet has lessened the grandeur of his by puerile conceits and quaint antitheses: every thing in Milton is great and masterly.—NEWTON.

[57] Ver. 906. *To whom these most adhere,*
He rules a moment.

To whatever side the atoms temporarily adhere, that side rules for the moment.

[58] Ver. 918. *Stood on the brink of hell.* Satan pauses for a moment, terrified at the danger of his enterprise.

[59] Ver. 941. *Half on foot,*
Half flying.

Spenser, Faer. Qu. i. xi. 8:—

Half flying, and half footing in his haste.—NEWTON.

[60] Ver. 942. *Behoves him now both oar and sail.* It behoveth him now to use both his oars and his sails, as galleys do, according to the proverb,—*remis velisque*, with might and main.—HUME.

[61] Ver. 948.

O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare.

The difficulty of Satan's voyage is very well expressed by so many monosyllables as follow, which cannot be pronounced but slowly, and with frequent pauses.—NEWTON.

[62] Ver. 956. *The nethermost abyss.* Though the throne of

Chaos was above hell, and consequently a part of the abyss was so, yet a part of that abyss was at the same time below hell; so far below, as that, when Satan went from hell on his voyage, he fell in that abyss ten thousand fathom deep; and the poet there adds, that if it had not been for an accident, he had been falling down there to this hour: nay, it was so deep, as to be illimitable, and where *highth is lost*. The abyss then, considered all together, was nethermost in respect of hell, below which it was so endlessly extended.—PEARCE.

[63] Ver. 960. *And his dark pavilion spread.* Ps. xviii. 11:—"He made *darkness* his secret place, his *pavilion* round about him."—DUNSTER.

[64] Ver. 964. *Orcus and Ades.* Orcus for Pluto, and Ades for any dark place.—RICHARDSON.

[65] Ver. 965. *Of Demogorgon.* The very name of Demogorgon the ancients supposed capable of producing the most terrible effects, which they therefore dreaded to pronounce. He is mentioned as of great power in incantations.—NEWTON.

[66] Ver. 1005. *Link'd in a golden chain.* There is mention made in Homer of Jupiter's golden chain, by which he can draw up the gods, and the earth, and sea, and the whole universe; but they cannot draw him down. See the passage at large in the beginning of the eighth book of the Iliad. It is most probably and ingeniously conjectured, that by this golden chain may be understood the superior attractive force of the sun, whereby he continues unmoved, and draws all the rest of the planets toward him: but whatever is meant by it, it is certain that our poet took

from it the thought of *hanging the world by a golden chain.* —NEWTON.

[67] Ver. 1013. *Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire.* To take in the full meaning of this magnificent similitude, we must imagine ourselves in Chaos, and a vast luminous body rising upward near the place where we are, so swiftly as to appear a continued track of light, and lessening to the view according to the increase of distance, till it end in a point, and then disappear; and all this must be supposed to strike our eye at one instant.—BEATTIE.

Ibid. In Satan's voyage through Chaos there are several imaginary persons described, as residing in that immense waste of matter. This may perhaps be conformable to the taste of those critics who are pleased with nothing in a poet which has not life and manners ascribed to it; but, for my own part, I am pleased most with those passages in this description which carry in them a greater measure of probability, and are such as might possibly have happened: of this kind is his first mounting in the smoke that rises from the infernal pit; his falling into a cloud of nitre and the like combustible materials, that by their explosion still hurried him forward in his voyage; his springing upward like a pyramid of fire; with his laborious passage through that confusion of elements, which the poet calls

The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.

The glimmering light which shot into the Chaos from the utmost verge of the creation, and the distant discovery of the earth, that hung close by the moon, are wonderfully beautiful and poetical.—ADDISON.

[68] Ver. 1028. *Tamely endured a bridge.* Dr. Newton here agrees with Dr. Bentley in censuring this introduction of the infernal bridge, because it is described in the tenth book, for several lines together, as a thing untouched before,

and an incident to surprise the reader; and therefore the poet should not have anticipated it here. Milton is said to have apparently copied this bridge, not as Dr. Warton has conjectured, from the Persian poet Sadi, but from the Arabian fiction of the bridge, called in Arabic *Al Sirat*, which is represented to extend over the infernal gulf, and to be narrower than a spider's web, and sharper than the edge of a sword.—Pocock in Port. Mos. p. 282. See Annotations on Hist. of Caliph Vathek, 1786, p. 314.—TODD.

[69] Ver. 1042. *By dubious light.* In this line, and in the preceding description of the "glimmering dawn" that Satan first meets with, Milton very probably alludes to Seneca's elegant account of Hercules's passage out of hell, Herc. Fur. 668 :—

> Non cæca tenebris incipit prima via:
> Tenuis relictæ lucis a tergo nitor,
> Fulgorque dubius solis afflicti cadit.—THYER.

[70] Ver. 1052. *This pendent world, in bigness as a star.* By this pendent world is not meant the earth, but the new creation, heaven and earth, the whole orb of fixed stars immensely bigger than the earth, a mere point in the comparison. This is certain from what Chaos had lately said, v. 1004 :—

> Now lately heaven and earth, another world,
> Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain.

Besides, Satan did not see the earth yet; he was afterwards surprised "at the sudden view of all this world at once," b. iii. 542. and wandered long on the outside of it, till at last he saw our sun, and learned there of the archangel Uriel, where the earth and paradise were. See b. iii. 722. This pendent world, therefore, must mean the whole world—the new-created universe; and, "beheld far off," it appeared, in comparison with the empyreal heaven, no bigger

than "a star of smallest magnitude," nay, not so large; it appeared no bigger than such a star appears to be when it is "close by the moon," the superior light whereof makes any star that happens to be near her disk, to seem exceedingly small, and almost disappear.—NEWTON.

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

Although the text has not been altered, the following discovery merits to be laid before the accurate readers of Milton.

Ver. 855. *Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.*

Living *might* would not except even God himself, the Ever-living and the Almighty. The author therefore gave it, "by living *wight*:" as in this same book, ver. 613:—"All taste of living *wight*." This expression is established and consecrated by our Chaucer and Spenser.—BENTLEY.

In confirmation of the doctor's happy conjecture, "living *wight*" is the reading of Simmons's third edition, 1678, and was probably a correction dictated by Milton, after the second edition was printed. This Dr. Bentley was not aware of.—See Ed. 1678, p. 53.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

I CANNOT admit this book to be inferior in poetical merit to those which precede it: the argumentative parts give a pleasing variety. The unfavourable opinion has arisen from a narrow view of the nature of poetry: from the theory of those who think that it ought to be confined to description and imagery. On the contrary, the highest poetry consists more of spirit than of matter. Matter is only good so far as it is imbued with spirit, or causes spiritual exaltation. Among the innumerable grand descriptions in Milton, I do not believe there is one which stands unconnected with complex intellectual considerations, and of which those considerations do not form a leading part of the attraction. The learned allusions may be too deep for the common reader; and so far the poet is above the reach of the multitude: but even then they create a certain vague stir in unprepared minds:—names indistinctly heard; visions dimly seen; constant recognitions of Scriptural passages, and sacred names, awfully impressed on the memory from childhood,—awaken the sensitive understanding with sacred and mysterious movements.

We do not read Milton in the same light mood as we read any other poet: his is the imagination of a sublime instructor: we give our faith through duty, as well as will. If our fancy flags, we strain it, that we may appre-

hend: we know that there is something which our conception ought to reach. There is not an idle word in any of the delineations which the bard exhibits; nor is any picture merely addressed to the senses. Every thing therefore is invention;—arising from novelty or complexity of combination: nothing is a mere reflection from the mirror of the fancy.

Milton early broke loose from the narrow bounds of observation; and explored the trackless regions of air, and worlds of spirits,—the good and the bad.—There his pregnant imagination embodied new states of existence; and out of Chaos drew form, and life, and all that is grand, and beautiful, and godlike: and yet he so mingled them up with materials from the globe in which we are placed, that it is an unpardonable error to say that 'Paradise Lost' contains little applicable to human interests. The human learning and human wisdom contained in every page are inexhaustible.

On this account no other poem requires so many explanatory notes, drawn from all the most extensive stores of erudition.

Of classical literature, and of the Italian poets, Milton was a perfect master: he often replenished his images and forms of expression from Homer and Virgil, and yet never was a servile borrower. There is an added pleasure to what in itself is beautiful, from the happiness of his adaptations.

I do not doubt that what he wrote was from a conjunction of genius, learning, art, and labour; but the grand source of all his poetical conceptions and language was the Scripture.

I have defended the argumentative, as well as the imaginative parts of this poem. I use imaginative invention in its strict sense, to express that which consists of imagery.

The argumentative may be equal invention;—but ideal or spiritual invention: every great poem must unite both in large proportions. There is great simplicity and plainness in the greater part of Milton's images taken separately;—the novelty and grandeur is in their position and association. When Satan beholds the pendent orb of this world floating in immense space, while numberless other globes are suspended in the same vacuity;—the sublimity of the picture is mainly caused by reflecting on the character of him, on whose sight this object breaks.

Spenser's subject was confined to human nature, represented by a moral allegory; but the manners which he undertook to describe were factitious; and he is often therefore over-coloured and extravagant: but Milton's subject allowed all the flights of the most gigantic and marvellous imagination: he never therefore offends probability; while we are often obliged to consider Spenser as merely sportive.

ARGUMENT OF BOOK III.

God sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shows him to the Son, who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created man free, and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards man without the satisfaction of divine justice; man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore with all his progeny devoted to death must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for man; the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth; commands all the angels to adore him; they obey, and, hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile, Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wandering he first finds a place, since called the Limbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament

that flow about it; his passage thence to the orb of the sun; he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb; but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner angel; and, pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on Mount Niphates.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

Hail, holy Light![1] offspring of heaven first-born,
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity; dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell?[3] before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn; while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness[4] borne,

With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song;[5] but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,[6]
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit; nor sometimes forget
Those other two equal'd with me in fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,[7]
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns[8]
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank

Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyrean where he sits
High throned above all highth, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view.
About him all the sanctities of heaven
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight received
Beatitude past utterance;[9] on his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only Son: on earth he first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two
Of mankind, in the happy garden placed,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love.
In blissful solitude: he then survey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
Coasting the wall of heaven on this side night
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet,
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd without firmament,[10]
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake:—

Only begotten Son,[11] seest thou what rage

Transports our adversary? whom no bounds
Prescribed, no bars of hell, nor all the chains
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss
Wide interrupt, can hold; so bent he seems
On desperate revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now,
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way
Not far off heaven, in the precincts of light,
Directly towards the new-created world,
And man there placed; with purpose to assay
If him by force he can destroy, or, worse,
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert:
For man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall,
He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?
Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have: I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all the ethereal powers
And spirits, both them who stood and them who fail'd:
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have given sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love?
Where only, what they needs must do, appear'd,
Not what they would: what praise could they receive?
What pleasure I from such obedience paid?
When will and reason, (reason also is choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
Made passive both, had served necessity,

Not me. They therefore, as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly accuse
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate;
As if predestination over-ruled
Their will, disposed by absolute decree
Or high foreknowledge: they themselves decreed
Their own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less proved certain unforeknown.
So without least impulse or shadow of fate,
Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
They trespass, authours to themselves in all,
Both what they judge and what they choose; for so
I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
Till they enthrall themselves; I else must change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree,
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom: they themselves ordain'd their fall.
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
Self-tempted, self-depraved: man falls deceived
By the other first: man therefore shall find grace,
The other none: in mercy and justice both,
Through heaven and earth, so shall my glory excel;
But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.
Thus while God spake,[12] ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All heaven, and in the blessed spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffused.
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd;[13] and in his face

Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure grace;
Which uttering, thus he to his Father spake:—
O Father, gracious was that word which closed
Thy sovran sentence, that man should find grace;
For which both heaven and earth shall high extol
Thy praises, with the innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever bless'd.
For should man finally be lost? should man,
Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? that be from thee far,[14]
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right.
Or shall the adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught;
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be question'd and blasphemed without defence.
To whom the great Creator thus replied:—
O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son, who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed:

Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will;
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchsafed: once more I will renew
His lapsed powers, though forfeit and enthral'd
By sin to foul exorbitant desires:
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe,
By me upheld; that he may know how frail
His fallen condition is, and to me owe
All his deliverance, and to none but me.
Some I have chosen[15] of peculiar grace,
Elect above the rest; so is my will:
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd
Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
The incensed Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut:
And I will place within them as a guide
My umpire Conscience, whom if they will hear,
Light after light, well used, they shall attain;
And to the end, persisting, safe arrive.
This my long sufferance and my day of grace[16]
They who neglect and scorn shall never taste;
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but such from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done; man disobeying
Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins

Against the high supremacy of Heaven,
Affecting Godhead, and so losing all,
To expiate his treason hath naught left;
But to destruction sacred and devote,
He with his whole posterity must die;
Die he or justice must: unless for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say, heavenly powers, where shall we find such love?
Which of you will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime; and just the unjust to save?
Dwells in all heaven charity so dear?
He ask'd, but all the heavenly quire stood mute;
And silence was in heaven: on man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd;
Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudged to death and hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renew'd:—
Father, thy word is pass'd; man shall find grace;
And shall grace not find means? that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought;
Happy for man, so coming: he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
Atonement for himself or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring.

Behold me then, me for him, life for life,
I offer: on me let thine anger fall;
Account me man; I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die
Well pleased; on me let Death wreak all his rage;
Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd; thou hast given me to possess
Life in myself for ever; by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell:[17]
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop,
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead hell captive, maugre hell, and show
The powers of darkness bound. Thou, at the sight
Pleased, out of heaven shalt look down and smile;
While, by thee raised, I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcase glut the grave:
Then, with the multitude of my redeem'd,
Shall enter heaven long absent, and return,
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assured
And reconcilement: wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.
His words here ended,[18] but his meek aspect

Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shone
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration seized
All heaven, what this might mean and whither tend,
Wondering; but soon the Almighty thus replied:
O thou, in heaven and earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou,
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear
To me are all my works; nor man the least,
Though last created; that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By losing thee a while, the whole race lost.
Thou therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,
Their nature also to thy nature join;
And be thyself man among men on earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room
The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
As in him [19] perish all men, so in thee,
As from a second root, shall be restored,
As many as are restored; without thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit
Imputed shall absolve them, who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for man, be judged and die;
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.

So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem;
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
So easily destroy'd; and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
Because thou hast, though throned in highest bliss
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all to save
A world from utter loss; and hast been found
By merit more than birthright Son of God:
Found worthiest to be so by being good,
Far more than great or high. Because in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds;
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy manhood also to this throne;
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed universal King. All power
I give thee; reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits; under thee, as head supreme,[20]
Thrones, princedoms, powers, dominions, I reduce:
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
In heaven, or earth, or under earth in hell.
When thou attended gloriously from heaven
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
The summoning archangels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal: forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the general doom

Shall hasten: such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
Then, all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge
Bad men and angels; they arraign'd shall sink
Beneath thy sentence; hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New heaven and earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth:
Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre then no more shall need;
God shall be all in all. But, all ye gods,
Adore him, who to compass all this dies;
Adore the Son, and honour him as me.
No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all
The multitude of angels with a shout,[21]
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy; heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd
The eternal regions. Lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold;
Immortal amarant, a flower which once
In Paradise fast by the tree of life
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
To heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows,
And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,

And where the river of bliss through midst of heaven
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream;
With these, that never fade, the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks inwreathed with beams;
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.
Then crown'd again their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part: such concord is in heaven.
Thee, Father, first they sung, Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King; thee, Authour of all being,
Fountain of light, thyself invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt'st
Throned inaccessible; but when thou shadest
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright[22] thy skirts appear,
Yet dazzle heaven; that brightest seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee next they sang of all creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud

Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold: on thee
Impress'd the effulgence of his glory abides;
Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests.
He heaven of heavens and all the powers therein
By thee created, and by thee threw down
The aspiring dominations: thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook
Heaven's everlasting frame; while o'er the necks
Thou drovest of warring angels disarray'd.
Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim
Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes;
Not so on man; him, through their malice fallen,
Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom
So strictly; but much more to pity incline.
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail man
So strictly, but much more to pity inclined;
He, to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy and justice in thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
For man's offence. O unexampled love,
Love no where to be found, less than Divine!
Hail, Son of God! Saviour of men! Thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth; and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.

Thus they in heaven, above the starry sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent

Meanwhile upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferiour orbs, inclosed
From Chaos and the inroad of Darkness old;
Satan alighted walks: a globe far off
It seem'd,[23] now seems a boundless continent,
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of night
Starless, exposed, and ever-threatening storms
Of Chaos blustering round, inclement sky;
Save on that side, which from the wall of heaven,
Though distant far, some small reflection gains
Of glimmering air, less vex'd with tempest loud:
Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field.
As when a vulture[24] on Imaus bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling kids
On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward the springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With sails and wind[25] their cany waggons light:
So on this windy sea of land the fiend
Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;
Alone, for other creature in this place,
Living or lifeless, to be found was none;
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like aërial vapours flew
Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men:
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things

Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or the other life;
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds:
All the unaccomplish'd works of nature's hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Dissolved on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here:
Not in the neighbouring moon, as some have dream'd;
Those argent fields more likely habitants,
Translated saints, or middle spirits hold
Betwixt the angelical and human kind:
Hither, of ill-join'd sons, and daughters born [26]
First from the ancient world those giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
Others came single; he, who to be deem'd
A god, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames,
Empedocles; and he who, to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,
Cleombrotus, and many more too long,
Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.
Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heaven;
And they, who to be sure of Paradise,[27]
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,

Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised;
They pass the planets seven, and pass the fix'd,
And that crystalline sphere[28] whose balance weighs
The trepidation talk'd, and that first moved:
And now Saint Peter at heaven's wicket seems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
Of heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when, lo!
A violent cross wind from either coast
Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry
Into the devious air: then might ye see
Cowls, hoods, and habits with their wearers toss'd
And flutter'd into rags; then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds: all these, upwhirl'd aloft,
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off,
Into a limbo large and broad,[29] since call'd
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
All this dark globe the fiend found as he pass'd;
And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thitherward in haste
His travel'd steps: far distant he descries,
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of heaven, a structure high;
At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace gate,
With frontispiece of diamond and gold
Imbellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shone, inimitable on earth
By model or by shading pencil drawn.
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw
Angels ascending and descending, bands

Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram in the field of Luz,
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cried, "This is the gate of heaven."
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There always, but drawn up to heaven sometimes
Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flow'd
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from earth, sailing arrived,
Wafted by angels; or flew o'er the lake,
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
The stairs were then let down; whether to dare
The fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:
Direct against which open'd from beneath,
Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
A passage down to the earth, a passage wide;
Wider by far than that of after-times
Over Mount Sion, and, though that were large,
Over the promised land to God so dear;
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
On high behests his angels to and fro
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard,
From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,
To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Ægypt and the Arabian shore:
So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair,
That scaled by steps of gold to heaven gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view

Of all this world at once. As when a scout,
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen; or some renown'd metropolis,
With glistering spires and pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:
Such wonder seized, though after heaven seen,
The spirit malign; but much more envy seized,
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
Round he surveys,[30] (and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended shade) from eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond the horizon: then from pole to pole
He views in breadth; and without longer pause
Downright into the world's first region throws
His flight precipitant; and winds with ease
Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds.
Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian gardens, famed of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves and flowery vales,
Thrice happy isles; but who dwelt happy there
He stay'd not to inquire. Above them all,
The golden sun, in splendour likest heaven,
Allured his eye: thither his course he bends

Through the calm firmament; but up or down,
By centre or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or longitude, where the great luminary,
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far; they, as they move
Their starry dance in numbers that compute
Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering lamp
Turn swift their various motions; or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep;
So wondrously was set his station bright.
There lands the fiend; a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb
Through his glazed optic tube yet never saw.[31]
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compared with aught on earth, metal or stone;
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire:
If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear;
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
In Aaron's breastplate; and a stone besides
Imagined rather oft than elsewhere seen;
That stone, or like to that which here below
Philosophers in vain so long have sought;
In vain, though by their powerful art they bind
Volatil Hermes, and call up unbound
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,

Drain'd through a limbeck to his native form.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold; when with one virtuous touch,
The arch-chemic sun, so far from us remote,
Produces, with terrestrial humour mix'd,
Here in the dark so many precious things,
Of colour glorious and effect so rare?
Here matter new to gaze the devil met
Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
But all sunshine. As when his beams at noon
Culminate from the equator, as they now
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall; and the air,
No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray
To objects distant far; whereby he soon
Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,
The same whom John [32] saw also in the sun:
His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid;
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
Circled his head; nor less his locks behind
Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round: on some great charge employ'd
He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope
To find who might direct his wandering flight
To Paradise, the happy seat of man,
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape;
Which else might work him danger or delay:

And now a stripling cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffused, so well he feign'd;
Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a colour'd plume sprinkled with gold;
His habit fit for speed succinct; and held
Before his decent steps a silver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard; the angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
Admonish'd by his ear; and straight was known
The archangel Uriel, one of the seven,
Who in God's presence nearest to his throne
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
That run through all the heavens, or down to the earth
Bear his swift errands, over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts:—
Uriel,[33] for thou of those seven spirits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest heaven to bring,
Where all his sons thy embassy attend;
And here art likeliest by supreme decree
Like honour to obtain, and as his eye
To visit oft this new creation round;
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly man,
His chief delight and favour, him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd,
Hath brought me from the quires of cherubim

Alone thus wandering. Brightest seraph, tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;
That I may find him, and, with secret gaze
Or open admiration, him behold,
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The universal Maker we may praise;
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes
To deepest hell; and, to repair that loss,
Created this new happy race of men
To serve him better: wise are all his ways.
So spake the false dissembler unperceived;
For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy,[34] the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through heaven and earth:
And oft, though wisdom wake,[35] suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems; which now for once beguiled
Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held
The sharpest-sighted spirit of all in heaven:
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,
In his uprightness, answer thus return'd:—
Fair angel, thy desire, which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify
The great Work-master, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise

The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps,
Contented with report, hear only in heaven:
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know,[36] and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight:
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number; or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
I saw, when at his word the formless mass,
This world's material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood ruled; stood vast infinitude confined;
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.
Swift to their several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire;
And this ethereal quintessence[37] of heaven
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his course;
The rest in circuit walls this universe.
Look downward on that globe, whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;
That place is earth, the seat of man; that light
His day, which else, as the other hemisphere,
Night would invade; but there the neighbouring moon,

So call that opposite fair star, her aid
Timely interposes; and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, through mid heaven,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills and empties to enlighten the earth;
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot to which I point is Paradise,
Adam's abode; those lofty shades his bower:
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.
Thus said, he turn'd; and Satan, bowing low,
As to superiour spirits is wont in heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave; and toward the coast of earth beneath,
Down from the ecliptic, sped with hoped success,
Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,
Nor stay'd, till on Niphates' top [38] he lights.

NOTES ON BOOK III.

MILTON having in the first and second books represented the infernal world with all its horrors, the thread of his fable naturally leads him into the opposite regions of bliss and glory.

If Milton's majesty forsakes him any where, it is in those parts of his poem where the divine persons are introduced as speakers. One may, I think, observe that the Author proceeds with a kind of fear and trembling, whilst he describes the sentiments of the Almighty: he dares not give his imagination its full play, but chooses to confine himself to such thoughts as are drawn from the books of the most orthodox divines, and to such expressions as may be met with in Scripture. The beauties therefore which we are to look for in these speeches, are not of a poetical nature; nor so proper to fill the mind with sentiments of grandeur, as with thoughts of devotion: the passions which they are designed to raise, are a divine love and religious fear. The particular beauty of the speeches in the third book consists in that shortness and perspicuity of style, in which the poet has couched the greatest mysteries of christianity; and drawn together, in a regular scheme, the

whole dispensation of Providence with respect to man. He has represented all the abstruse doctrines of predestination, free-will, and grace; as also the great points of incarnation and redemption, (which naturally grow up in a poem that treats of the fall of man) with great energy of expression, and in a clearer and stronger light than I have ever met with in any other writer. As these points are dry in themselves to the generality of readers, the concise and clear manner in which he has treated them is very much to be admired; as is likewise the particular art which he has made use of in the interspersing of all those graces of poetry which the subject was capable of receiving.—ADDISON.

[1] Ver. 1. *Hail, holy Light.* This celebrated complaint, with which Milton opens the third book, deserves all the praises which have been given it, though it may rather be looked on as an excrescence than as an essential part of the poem. The same observation might be applied to that beautiful digression upon hypocrisy in the same book.—ADDISON.

Ibid. Our author's address to Light, and lamentation of his own blindness, may perhaps be censured as an excrescence or digression not agreeable to the rules of epic poetry; but yet this is so charming a part of the poem, that the most critical reader, I imagine, cannot wish it were omitted. One is even pleased with a fault that is the occasion of so many beauties, and acquaints us so much with the circumstances and character of the author.—NEWTON.

[2] Ver. 3. *Since God is light.* See 1 John i. 5. and 1 Tim. vi. 16.—NEWTON.

[3] Ver. 8. *Whose fountain who shall tell?* As in Job xxxviii. 19. "Where is the way where light dwelleth?".—HUME.

[4] Ver. 16. *Through utter and through middle darkness.* Through hell, which is often called *utter* darkness; and through the great gulf between hell and heaven, the *middle* darkness.—NEWTON.

[5] Ver. 29. *Smit with the love of sacred song.* So Virgil, Georg. ii. 475.

Dulces ante omnia Musæ,
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore.

NEWTON.

[6] Ver. 30. *The flowery brooks beneath.* Kedron and Siloah. He still was pleased to study the beauties of the ancient poets, but his highest delight was in the songs of Sion, in the holy Scriptures; and in these he meditated day and night. This is the sense of the passage stripped of its poetical ornaments.—NEWTON.

[7] Ver. 35. *Blind Thamyris and blind Mœonides.* Mœonides is Homer. Thamyris was a Thracian, and invented the Doric mood or measure. Tiresias and Phineus, the one a Theban, the other a king of Arcadia, famous blind prophets and poets of antiquity.—NEWTON.

[8] Ver. 41. *Seasons return, but not to me returns.* This beautiful turn of the words is copied from the beginning of the third act of Guarini's 'Pastor Fido,' where Mirtillo addresses the Spring:—

Tu torni ben, ma teco
Non tornano, &c.
Tu torni ben, tu torni,
Ma teco altro non torna, &c.

NEWTON.

Ver. 61. *And from his sight received*
Beatitude past utterance.

Milton here alludes to the *beatific vision*, in which divines suppose the happiness of the saints to consist.—THYER.

Sandys, in his Paraphrase on Job, has a similar passage:

> Againe when all the radiant sonnes of light
> Before his throne appear'd, whose only sight
> Beatitude infused.

TODD.

[10] Ver. 75. *Firm land imbosom'd without firmament.* The universe appeared to Satan to be a solid globe, encompassed on all sides, but uncertain whether with water or air, but *without firmament*, without any sphere or fixed stars over it, as over the earth. The sphere, or fixed stars, was itself comprehended in it, and made a part of it.—NEWTON.

[11] Ver. 80. *Only-begotten Son.* I will make one general observation on this and all the speeches in the poem, put into the mouth of God the Father; which is, that nothing can be more unjust than Pope's criticism on Milton, accusing him of making "God turn school-divine," unless he meant by school divinity the doctrine of St. Paul, St. Peter, St. John, &c.: for Milton has copied them with the greatest exactness; and, bating a word or two, (fully implied however in those writers) has kept to their very expressions.—STILLINGFLEET.

[12] Ver. 135. *Thus while God spake.* Milton here shows that he was no servile imitator of the ancients. It is very well known that his master, Homer, and all who followed him, where they are representing the Deity speaking, describe a scene of terror and awful consternation. "The heavens, seas, and earth tremble," &c.; and this, to be sure, was consistent enough with their natural notions of the Supreme Being: but it would not have been so agreeable to the mild, merciful, and benevolent idea of the Deity upon the christian scheme; and therefore our author has very judiciously made the words of the Almighty diffusing fragrance and delight to all around him.—THYER.

[13] Ver. 140. *Substantially express'd.* See Heb. i. 3.—HUME.

[14] Ver. 153. *That be from thee far.* See Gen. xviii. 25.—NEWTON.

[15] Ver. 183. *Some I have chosen.* Our author did not hold the doctrine of rigid predestination: he was of the sentiments of the more moderate Calvinists; and thought that some indeed were elected of peculiar grace; the rest might be saved, complying with the terms and conditions of the Gospel.—NEWTON.

[16] Ver. 198.

This my long sufferance and my day of grace.

It is a great pity that our author should have thus debased the dignity of the Deity, by putting in his mouth this horrid doctrine of a day of grace, after which it is not possible for a man to repent; and there can be no sort of excuse for him, except the candid reader will make some allowance for the prejudices which he might possibly receive from the gloomy divinity of that enthusiastic age in which he lived.—THYER.

[17] Ver. 249. *With corruption there to dwell.* Psalm xvi. 10. "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither suffer thine Holy One to see corruption;" applied to our Saviour's resurrection by St. Peter, Acts ii. 20, 21.—NEWTON.

[18] Ver. 266. *His words here ended.* What a charming and lovely picture has Milton given us of God the Son, considered as our Saviour and Redeemer!—not in the least inferior in its way to that grander one in the sixth book, where he describes him clothed with majesty and terror, taking vengeance of his enemies. Before he represents him speaking, he makes "divine compassion, love without end,

and grace without measure, visibly to appear in his face," v. 140; and, carrying on the same amiable picture, makes him end it with a countenance "breathing immortal love to mortal men." Nothing could be better contrived to leave a deep impression upon the reader's mind; and I believe one may venture to assert, that no art or words could lift the imagination to a stronger idea of a good and benevolent being. The mute eloquence which our author has so prettily expressed in his, "silent, 'yet spake," is with no less beauty described by Tasso, at the end of Armida's speech to Godfrey, c. iv. st. 65.

Ciò detto tace, e la risposta attende
Con atto, ch'en silentio hà voce, e preghi.

THYER.

[19] Ver. 287. *As in him*, &c. See 1 Cor. xv. 22.—NEWTON.

[20] Ver. 319. *Under thee, as head supreme.* Here the speech begins to swell into a considerable degree of sublimity, and that of the purest and most perfect kind, in no way inconsistent with our most reverent ideas of the great Being who is the speaker, as he is portrayed to us in the Holy Scriptures.—DUNSTER.

[21] Ver. 345. *With a shout.* At this expression of angelic praise, it may be proper to give Addison's remarks unbroken upon the amazing colloquy which they had heard. The critic commences at ver. 56. and ends with ver. 415.

The survey of the whole creation, v. 56. and of every thing that is transacted in it, is a prospect worthy of Omniscience; and as much above that in which Virgil has drawn Jupiter, as the christian idea of the Supreme Being is more rational, and sublime than that of the heathens. The particular objects on which he is described to have cast his eye are represented in the most beautiful and lively manner.

Satan's approach to the confines of the creation is finely imaged in the beginning of the speech which immediately follows. The effects of this speech in the blessed spirits, and in the Divine Person to whom it was addressed, cannot but fill the mind of the reader with a secret pleasure and complacency.

I need not point out the beauty of the circumstance, wherein the whole host of angels are represented as standing mute; nor show how proper the occasion was to produce such a silence in heaven. The close of this divine colloquy, and the hymn of angels which follows upon it, are wonderfully beautiful and poetical.—ADDISON.

[22] Ver. 380. *Dark with excessive bright.* Gray has imitated this, speaking of Milton,—

Blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.

[23] Ver. 422. *A globe far off*
It seem'd.

Satan's walk upon the outside of the universe, which at a distance appeared to him of a globular form, but upon his nearer approach looked like an unbounded plain, is natural and noble; as his roaming upon the frontiers of the creation, between that mass of matter which was wrought into a world, and that shapeless unformed heap of materials which still lay in chaos and confusion, strikes the imagination with something astonishingly great and wild.—ADDISON.

[24] Ver. 431. *As when a vulture.* This simile is very apposite and lively, and corresponds exactly in all the particulars. Satan coming from hell to earth, in order to destroy mankind, but lighting first on the bare convex of the world's outermost orb, "a sea of land," as the poet calls it,

is very fitly compared to a vulture flying in quest of his prey, tender lambs or kids new-yeaned, from the barren rocks to the more fruitful hills and streams of India; but lighting in his way on the plains of Sericana, which were in a manner "a sea of land" too; the country being so smooth and open, that carriages were driven (as travellers report) with sails and wind. Imaus is a celebrated mountain in Asia.—NEWTON.

[25] Ver. 438. *Chineses drive*
With sails and wind.
Gray has caught the tone of this:—

The dusky people drive before the gales.

[26] Ver. 463. *Hither of ill-join'd sons.* He means *the sons of God* ill-joined with *the daughters of men*, alluding to that text of Scripture, Gen. vi. 4:—"There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them; the same became mighty men, which were of old, men of renown." Where, by the "sons of God," some Fathers and commentators have understood *angels*, as if the angels had been enamoured and married to women: but the true meaning is, that the posterity of Seth and other patriarchs, who were worshippers of the true God, and therefore called "the sons of God," intermarried with the idolatrous posterity of wicked Cain.—NEWTON.

[27] Ver. 478. *And they, who to be sure of Paradise.* This verse, and the two following, allude to a ridiculous opinion that obtained in the dark ages of popery; that, at the time of death, to be clothed in a friar's habit, was an infallible road to heaven.—BOWLE.

[28] Ver. 482. *And that crystalline sphere.* He speaks

here according to the ancient astronomy, adopted and improved by Ptolemy.—NEWTON.

[29] Ver. 495. *Into a limbo large and broad.* The *limbus patrum*, as it is called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighbourhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection. Our author gives the same name to his "Paradise of Fools," and more rationally places it beyond "the backside of the world."—NEWTON.

The "Limbo of Vanity" has been censured as unbecoming the dignity of the epic.

[30] Ver. 555. *Round he surveys.* He surveys the whole creation from east to west, and from north to south. But poetry delights to say the most common things in an uncommon manner. It is fine as it is natural, to represent Satan taking a view of the world before he threw himself into it.—NEWTON.

[31] Ver. 590.

Through his glazed optic tube yet never saw.

The spots in the sun are visible with a telescope: but astronomer perhaps never saw, "through his glazed optic tube," such a spot as Satan, now he was in the sun's orb. The poet mentions this glass the oftener in honour of Galileo, whom he means here by the astronomer.—NEWTON.

[32] Ver. 623. *The same whom John.* See Rev. xix. 17:—"And I saw an angel standing in the sun."—NEWTON.

[33] Ver. 654. *Uriel.* His name is derived from two Hebrew words, which signify *God is my light.* He is mentioned as a good angel in the second book of Esdras;

and the Jews, and some christians, conceive him to be an angel of light according to his name, and therefore he has, properly, his station in the sun.—NEWTON.

[34] Ver. 683. *Hypocrisy.* What is said here of hypocrisy is censured as a digression; but it seems no more than is absolutely necessary; for otherwise it might be thought very strange, that the evil spirit should pass undiscovered by the archangel Uriel, the regent of the sun, and the sharpest-sighted spirit in heaven; and therefore the poet endeavours to account for it by saying, that hypocrisy cannot be discerned by man or angel; it is invisible to all but God, &c. But yet the evil spirit did not pass wholly undiscovered; for, though Uriel was not aware of him now, yet he found reason to suspect him afterwards from his furious gestures on the mount.—NEWTON.

The poet's recollection of his having been deluded by the matchless hypocrisy of Cromwell, might have inspired him with this admirable apology for Uriel.—HAYLEY.

[35] Ver. 686. *And oft, though wisdom wake.* He must be very critically splenetic indeed, who will not pardon this little digressional observation. There is not in my opinion a nobler sentiment, or one more poetically expressed in the whole poem. What great art has the poet shown in taking off the dryness of a mere moral sentence, by throwing it into the form of a short and beautiful allegory!—THYER.

[36] Ver. 703. *Pleasant to know, &c.* This is one of those places where a negligence in metre is not only excusable, in taking away monotony, but carries with it a dignity which no smoothness of verse could give it, the words being in almost the same order as in Scripture.—STILLINGFLEET.

[37] Ver. 716. *And this ethereal quintessence.* The four

elements hasted to their quarters, but this fifth essence flew upward.—NEWTON.

[38] Ver. 742. *On Niphates' top.* The poet lands Satan on this mountain, says Hume, because it borders on Mesopotamia, in which the most judicious describers of Paradise place it.—DUNSTER.

Satan, after having long wandered upon the surface, or utmost wall of the universe, discovers at last a wide gap in it, which led into the creation, and is described as the opening through which the angels pass to and fro into the lower world, upon their errands to mankind. His sitting upon the brink of this passage, and taking a survey of the whole face of nature that appeared to him new and fresh in all its beauties, with the simile illustrating this circumstance, fills the mind of the reader with as surprising and glorious an idea as any that arises in the whole poem. He looks down into that vast hollow of the universe with the eye, or as Milton calls it in his first book, with the ken of an angel. He surveys all the wonders in this immense amphitheatre that lies between both the poles of heaven, and takes in at one view the whole round of the creation.

His flight between the several worlds that shined on every side of him, and the particular description of the sun, are set forth in all the wantonness of a luxuriant imagination. His shape, speech, and behaviour, upon his transforming himself into an angel of light, are touched with exquisite beauty. The poet's thought of directing Satan to the sun, which in the vulgar opinion of mankind is the most conspicuous part of the creation; the placing in it an angel; is a circumstance very finely contrived, and the more adjusted to a poetical probability, as it was a received doctrine among the most famous philosophers, that every orb had its intelligence; and as an apostle in sacred writ is said to have seen such an angel in the sun. In the

answer which this angel returns to the disguised evil spirit, there is such a becoming majesty as is altogether suitable to a superior being. The part of it in which he represents himself as present at the creation, is very noble in itself; and not only proper where it is introduced, but requisite to prepare the reader for what follows in the seventh book:—

> I saw, when at his word the formless mass,
> This world's material mould, came to a heap:
> Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
> Stood ruled; stood vast infinitude confined;
> Till, at his second bidding, Darkness fled,
> Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.

In the following part of the speech he points out the earth with such circumstances, that the reader can scarce forbear fancying himself employed on the same distant view of it.—ADDISON.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

I BELIEVE that this book of the poem is a general favourite with readers: there are parts of it beautiful; but it appears to me far less grand than the books which precede it: it has, I think, not only less sublimity, but less poetical invention. It required less imagination to describe the garden of Eden, than Pandæmonium, or Chaos. Adam and Eve are—the one noble, the other lovely;—but still they are human beings, with human passions.

Some criticisms might be made both on the described scenery, and on the occupations of our first parents. The gardener's skill and labours do not seem very necessary or natural at the first spring of the earth's creation. The bard seems for the moment so far to have forgot himself as to attempt rivality with the picturesque inventions of mere human poets: there is not that compression and massy strength, which is the usual quality of Miltonic painting. Grandeur was Milton's element, not beauty or tenderness! Invention will only be found where the natural strength lies, not where it is sought by labour and art. Where Milton drew a giant, he invented;—where he drew beauty, he borrowed.

It has often been observed, that Satan is the hero of 'Paradise Lost,' not Adam; and this is true! Neither Adam nor Eve take a part sufficiently active and important.

ARGUMENT OF BOOK IV.

SATAN, now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds; sits in the shape of a cormorant on the Tree of Life, as the highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve: his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall: overhears their discourse; thence gathers that the Tree of Knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them awhile to know farther of their state by some other means. Meanwhile, Uriel, descending on a sunbeam, warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good angel down to Paradise, discovered afterwards by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel, drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the rounds of Paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil spirit

should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but, hindered by a sign from heaven, flies out of Paradise.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

O, FOR that warning voice,[1] which he, who saw
The Apocalypse, heard cry in heaven aloud,
Then when the dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be revenged on men,
'Woe to the inhabitants on earth!' that now,
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
The coming of their secret foe, and 'scaped,
Haply so 'scaped his mortal snare; for now
Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,
The tempter ere the accuser of mankind,
To wreak on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first battel, and his flight to hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his speed,[2] though bold
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt; which, nigh the birth,
Now rolling, boils in his tumultuous breast,

And like a devilish engine back recoils
Upon himself: horrour and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The hell within him; for within him hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
One step, no more than from himself, can fly
By change of place: now conscience wakes despair
That slumber'd; wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be,
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixes sad;
Sometimes towards heaven[3] and the full-blazing sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tower:
Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began:—
O thou, that, with surpassing[4] glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice; and add thy name,
O sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once—above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King.
Ah, wherefore? he deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good

Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks?
How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high,
I 'sdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome; still paying, still to owe:
Forgetful what from him I still received;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged: what burden then?
O, had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferiour angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition! Yet why not? some other power
As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accursed; since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe:
Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?

Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide;
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
O, then at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath; whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit; boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain;
Under what torments inwardly I groan;
While they adore me on the throne of hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
The lower still I fall; only supreme
In misery: such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace my former state; how soon
Would highth recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore! Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep;
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my Punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus; behold, instead

Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,
Mankind, created, and for him this world.
So farewell, hope; and with hope, farewell, fear;
Farewell, remorse: all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with heaven's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long and this new world[5] shall know.
Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face[6]
Thrice changed with pale, ire, envy, and despair;
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld:
For heavenly minds from such distempers foul
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware
Each perturbation smoothed with outward calm,
Artificer of fraud; and was the first
That practised falsehood under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge:
Yet not enough had practised to deceive
Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursued him down
The way he went, and on the Assyrian mount
Saw him disfigured, more than could befall
Spirit of happy sort. his gestures fierce
He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and overhead up grew

Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and, as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung;
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mix'd:
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams,
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath shower'd the earth; so lovely seem'd
That landskip: and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy,[7] able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole[8]
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are pass'd
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabæan odours[9] from the spicy shore
Of Araby the bless'd; with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles:
So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend
Who came their bane; though with them better pleased

Than Asmodëus[10] with the fishy fume,
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the spouse
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent
From Media post to Ægypt, there fast bound.
Now to the ascent of that steep savage hill
Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow;
But farther way found none; so thick entwined,
As one continued brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
All path of man or beast that pass'd that way.
One gate there only was, and that look'd east
On the other side: which when the arch-felon saw,
Due entrance he disdain'd; and in contempt,
At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:
Or as a thief, bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew; and on the Tree of Life,
The middle tree and highest[11] there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
To them who lived; nor on the virtue thought

Of that life-giving plant,[12] but only used
For prospect, what well used had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him; but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.
Beneath him with new wonder now he views,
To all delight of human sense exposed,
In narrow room, Nature's whole wealth, yea, more,
A heaven on earth: for blissful Paradise
Of God the garden was,[13] by him in the east
Of Eden planted; Eden stretch'd her line
From Auran eastward to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings;
Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd:
Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to Life,
Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden[14] went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
Pass'd underneath ingulfed; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden mould, high raised
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill

Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears;
And now, divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy errour under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise; which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain;
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrown'd the noontide bowers. Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view:
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;
Others, whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed;
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store;
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps

Luxuriant: meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirrour holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves; while universal Pan,[15]
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on the eternal spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
Hid Amalthea, and her florid son,
Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye;
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara,[16] though this by some supposed
True Paradise, under the Ethiop line[17]
By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend
Saw, undelighted, all delight, all kind
Of living creatures, new to sight and strange.
Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all;

And worthy seem'd: for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
Severe, but in true filial freedom placed;
Whence true authority in men: though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal, seem'd;
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses[18] wore
Disshevel'd, but in wanton ringlets waved
As the vine curls her tendrils; which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd;
Then was not guilty shame: dishonest shame
Of nature's works, honour dishonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence!
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
Of God or angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met;

Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade,[19] that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down; and, after no more toil
Of their sweet gardening labour than sufficed
To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, sidelong as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers.
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream:
Nor gentle purpose nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them frisking play'd
All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase
In wood or wilderness, forest or den:
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gambol'd before them; the unwieldy elephant,
To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreathed
His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass
Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,
Or bedward ruminating; for the sun,

Declined, was hasting now with prone career
To the ocean isles, and in the ascending scale
Of heaven the stars that usher evening rose:
When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd speech[20] recover'd sad:—

O hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold?
Into our room of bliss thus high advanced
Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,
Not spirits, yet to heavenly spirits bright
Little inferiour; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love; so lively shines
In them divine resemblance, and such grace
The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd!
Ah! gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe;
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
Happy, but for so happy ill secured
Long to continue; and this high seat your heaven
Ill fenced for heaven to keep out such a foe
As now is enter'd; yet no purposed foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied. League with you I seek,
And mutual amity, so strait, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth: my dwelling haply may not please,
Like this fair Paradise, your sense; yet such
Accept, your Maker's work; he gave it me,
Which I as freely give: hell shall unfold,[21]
To entertain you two, her widest gates,

And send forth all her kings: there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loth to this revenge
On you, who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd.
And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I do; yet public reason just,
Honour and empire with revenge enlarged,
By conquering this new world, compels me now
To do, what else, though damn'd, I should abhor.
So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree
Down he alights among the sportful herd
Of those four-footed kinds; himself now one,
Now other, as their shape served best his end;
Nearer to view his prey, and, unespied,
To mark what of their state he more might learn,
By word or action mark'd: about them round
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spied
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Straight couches close; then, rising, changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
Whence rushing he might surest seize them both,
Griped in each paw: when Adam first of men,
To first of women Eve, thus moving speech,
Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow:
Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good

As liberal and free as infinite;
That raised us from the dust, and placed us here
In all this happiness; who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught whereof he hath need; he who requires
From us no other service than to keep
This one, this easy charge;[23] of all the trees
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only Tree
Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is;
Some dreadful thing no doubt: for well thou know'st
God hath pronounced it death to taste that tree;
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signs of power and rule
Conferr'd upon us; and dominion given
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty; following our delightful task
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers;
Which, were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.
To whom thus Eve replied:—O thou, for whom
And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head; what thou hast said is just and right:
For we to him indeed all praises owe,

And daily thanks: I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
That day I oft remember,[24] when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed
Under a shade on flowers; much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain; then stood unmoved,
Pure as the expanse of heaven: I thither went
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake,[25] that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back;[26] but pleased I soon return'd,
Pleased it return'd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me: What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces; he
Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,

But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platane; yet, methought, less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image. Back I turn'd:
Thou following criedst aloud, Return, fair Eve;
Whom fliest thou? whom thou fliest, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life; to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear.
Part of my soul; I seek thee, and thee claim,
My other half: with that thy gentle hand
Seized mine: I yielded: and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.
So spake our general mother;[27] and, with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreproved
And meek surrender, half-embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his, under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he, in delight.
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smiled with superiour love; as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers; and press'd her matron lip
With kisses pure. Aside the devil turn'd
For envy; yet with jealous leer malign
Eyed them askance, and to himself thus plain'd:
Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two,

Imparadised in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss; while I to hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments not the least,
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths; all is not theirs, it seems:
One fatal tree there stands, of Knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taste: knowledge forbidden?[28]
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
Envy them that? can it be sin to know?
Can it be death? and do they only stand
By ignorance? is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! hence I will excite their minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design
To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with Gods; aspiring to be such,
They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unspied;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wandering spirit of heaven by fountain side,
Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw
What farther would be learn'd. Live while ye may,[29]
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures; for long woes are to succeed.

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with sly circumspection, and began
Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.
Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where heaven
With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun
Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern gate of Paradise
Level'd his evening rays: it was a rock
Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent
Accessible from earth, one entrance high;
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung.
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,[30]
Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night;
About him exercised heroic games
The unarm'd youth of heaven; but nigh at hand
Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high with diamond flaming and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired
Impress the air, and show the mariner
From what point of his compass to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste:—
Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in.
This day at highth of noon came to my sphere
A spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know
More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly man,

God's latest image: I described his way
Bent all on speed, and mark'd his aery gait;
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks
Alien from heaven, with passions foul obscured:
Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him: one of the banish'd crew,
I fear, hath ventured from the deep, to raise
New troubles; him thy care must be to find.
To whom the winged warriour thus return'd:
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitt'st,
See far and wide: in at this gate none pass
The vigilance here placed, but such as come
Well known from heaven; and since meridian hour
No creature thence. If spirit of other sort,
So minded, have o'erleap'd these earthly bounds
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.
But if within the circuit of these walks
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.
So promised he; and Uriel to his charge
Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now raised
Bore him slope downward to the sun, now fallen
Beneath the Azores; whether the prime orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd
Diurnal; or this less volubil earth,
By shorter flight to the east, had left him there,
Arraying with reflected purple and gold

The clouds that on his western throne attend.
Now came still evening on,[31] and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad:
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;[33]
Silence was pleased:[34] now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
When Adam thus to Eve: Fair consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men.
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines
Our eyelids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest:
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,

Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest.
To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd:
My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey; so God ordains.
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing, I forget all time;
All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom

This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?
To whom our general ancestor replied:
Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd Eve,
Those have their course to finish, round the earth,
By morrow evening; and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministering light prepared, they set and rise;
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things; which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue[35] on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
That heaven would want spectators, God want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices[36] to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator! oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds,

In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.
Thus talking, hand in hand alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bower: it was a place
Chosen by the sovran Planter, when he framed
All things to man's delightful use: the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf: on either side
Acanthus and each odorous bushy shrub
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; under-foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem: other creature here,
Bird, beast, insect, or worm, durst enter none;
Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept; nor nymph
Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed;
And heavenly quires the hymenæan sung,
What day the genial angel to our sire
Brought her, in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely, than Pandora, whom the gods
Endow'd with all their gifts; and, O! too like

In sad event, when to the unwiser son
Of Japhet brought by Hermes she ensnared
Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.
Thus, at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky adored
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole. Thou also madest the night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we, in our appointed work employ'd,
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place,
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promised from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite; both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.
This said unanimous, and other rites
Observing none, but adoration pure,
Which God likes best, into their inmost bower
Handed they went; and, eased the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear,
Straight side by side were laid; nor turn'd, I ween,
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refused:
Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence;

Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain
But our destroyer, foe to God and man?
Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else!
By thee adulterous lust was driven from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be it that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place;
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefiled [37] and chaste pronounced,
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used.
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
Casual fruition; nor in court-amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask,[38] or midnight ball,
Or serenate, which the starved lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.
These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing slept,
And on their naked limbs the flowery roof
Shower'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Blest pair; and, O! yet happiest; if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more!

Now had night measured with her shadowy cone[39]
Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault;
And from their ivory port[40] the cherubim,
Forth issuing at the accustom'd hour, stood arm'd
To their night-watches in warlike parade;
When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake:
Uzziel,[41] half these draw off, and coast the south
With strictest watch; these other wheel the north:
Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part,[42]
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.
From these two strong and subtle spirits he call'd
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge:
Ithuriel and Zephon,[43] with wing'd speed
Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook;
But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,
Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.
This evening from the sun's decline arrived,
Who tells of some infernal spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escaped
The bars of hell, on errand bad no doubt:
Such, where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.
So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon; these to the bower direct
In search of whom they sought: him there they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge

Illusions as he list, phantasms, and dreams;
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
The animal spirits, that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure; thence raise
At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blown up with high conceits ingendering pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness: up he starts
Discover'd and surprised.[44] As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
Against a rumour'd war; the smutty grain,
With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air;
So started up in his own shape the fiend.
Back stepp'd those two fair angels, half amazed
So sudden to behold the grisly king;
Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him soon:
Which of those rebel spirits adjudged to hell
Comest thou, escaped thy prison? and, transform'd,
Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait,
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?
Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar:
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng; or, if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn:—

Think not, revolted spirit, thy shape the same,
Or undiminish'd brightness to be known,
As when thou stood'st in heaven upright and pure:
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee; and thou resemblest now
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul.
But come; for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the cherub; and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible: abash'd the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely;[45] saw, and pined
His loss: but chiefly to find here observed
His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
Best with the best, the sender not the sent,
Or all at once; more glory will be won,
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,
Will save us trial what the least can do
Single against thee, wicked and thence weak.

The fiend replied not, overcome with rage;
But, like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding guards

Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,
Gabriel, from the front thus call'd aloud:—
O friends! I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade;
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendour wan; who by his gait
And fierce demeanour seems the prince of hell,
Nor likely to part hence without contest:
Stand firm; for in his look defiance lours.
He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
How busied, in what form and posture couch'd.
To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake:
Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed[46]
To thy transgressions? and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example? but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss.
To whom thus Satan, with contemptuous brow:
Gabriel, thou hadst in heaven the esteem of wise,
And such I held thee; but this question ask'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,

Though thither doom'd? thou wouldst thyself, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight; which in this place I sought.
To thee no reason, who know'st only good,
But evil hast not tried: and wilt object
His will who bounds us? Let him surer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd.
The rest is true, they found me where they say;
But that implies not violence or harm.
Thus he in scorn. The warlike angel moved,
Disdainfully half smiling, thus replied:—
O loss of one in heaven to judge of wise!
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew;
And now returns him from his prison 'scaped,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
Unlicensed from his bounds in hell prescribed:
So wise he judges it to fly from pain
However, and to 'scape his punishment.
So judge thou still, presumptuous; till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, That no pain
Can equal anger infinite provoked.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all hell broke loose? is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled; or thou than they

Less hardy to endure? Courageous chief!
The first in flight from pain! hadst thou alleged
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.
To which the fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern:—
Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,
Insulting angel! well thou know'st I stood
Thy fiercest; when in battel to thy aid
The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
But still thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behoves
From hard assays and ill successes past
A faithful leader; not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himself untried:
I therefore, I alone first undertook
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy
This new-created world, whereof in hell
Fame is not silent; here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted powers
To settle here on earth, or in mid air;
Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
High up in heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,
And practised distances to cringe, not fight.
To whom the warriour angel soon replied:—
To say and straight unsay, pretending first
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
Argues no leader but a liar traced,

Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,
O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head.
Was this your discipline and faith engaged,
Your military obedience, to dissolve
Allegiance to the acknowledged Power supreme?
And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty! who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cringed, and servilely adored
Heaven's awful monarch? wherefore but in hope
To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?
But mark what I arreed thee now; Avaunt;
Fly thither whence thou fledst: if from this hour
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to the infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
The facile gates of hell too slightly barr'd.
So threaten'd he: but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage replied:—
Then, when I am thy captive, talk of chains,
Proud limitary cherub; but ere then
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm; though heaven's King
Ride on thy wings,[47] and thou with thy compeers,
Used to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the road of heaven star-paved.
While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round

With ported spears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres, ripe for harvest, waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful plowman doubting stands,
Lest on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,[48]
Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved:
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat horrour plumed; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds
Might have ensued; nor only Paradise
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of heaven perhaps, or all the elements
At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict; had not soon
The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in heaven his golden scales, yet seen[49]
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth with balanced air
In counterpoise; now ponders all events,
Battels, and realms: in these he put two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight:[50]
The latter quick upflew and kick'd the beam;
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend:
Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine;
Neither our own, but given: what folly then
To boast what arms can do! since thine no more

Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign;
Where thou art weigh'd,[51] and shown how light, how weak,
If thou resist. The fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

NOTES ON BOOK IV.

[1] Verse 1. *O, for that warning voice.* The poet opens this book with a wish, in the manner of Shakspeare: "O, for a Muse of fire!" Prol. to Hen. V.; "O, for a falconer's voice!" Rom. and Juliet, a. ii. s. 2. And, in order to raise the horror and attention of his reader, he introduces his relation of Satan's adventures upon earth, by wishing that the same warning voice had been uttered now at Satan's first coming, which St. John, who in a vision saw the Apocalypse, or revelation of the most remarkable events which were to befall the christian church to the end of the world, heard when the dragon was put to second rout, Rev. xii. 12. "Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath." —Newton.

[2] Ver. 13. *Yet not rejoicing in his speed.* Satan was bold far off and fearless; and, as he drew nearer, was pleased with hoped success: but now he is come to earth

to begin his dire attempt, he does not rejoice in it; his heart misgives him; horror and doubt distract him. This is all very natural.—NEWTON.

[3] Ver. 29. *Sometimes towards heaven.* All this passage is highly poetical and pathetic.

[4] Ver. 32. *O thou, that with surpassing.* One of those magnificent speeches to which no other name can be given, than that it is supereminently Miltonic. This is mainly argumentative sublimity; in which, I think, that he is even still greater than in his splendid and majestic imagery. The alternations of this dreadful speech strike and move the mind like the changes of the tempest in a dark night, when the thunder and lightning roar and flash, and then intermit, and then redouble again.

Compare the opening speech in the Phœnissæ of Euripides; where Porson has remarked, that Milton had once intended to have written a tragedy, not an epic, and to have commenced it with this address to the Sun. It is only necessary to give the Professor's authority:—"These verses, several years before the poem was begun, were shown to me, and some others, as designed for the very beginning of a tragedy upon this subject."—EDWARD PHILIPS.

[5] Ver. 113. *This new world.* Satan, being now within prospect of Eden, and looking round upon the glories of the creation, is filled with sentiments different from those which he discovered whilst he was in hell. The place inspires him with thoughts more adapted to it. He reflects upon the happy condition from whence he fell, and breaks forth into a speech that is softened with several transient touches of remorse and self-accusation: but at length he confirms himself in impenitence, and in his design of drawing man into his own state of guilt and misery. This conflict of

passions is roused with a great deal of art, as the opening of his speech to the Sun is very bold and noble.

This speech is, I think, the finest that is ascribed to Satan in the whole poem.—ADDISON.

[6] Ver. 114. *Each passion dimm'd his face.* Each passion, ire, envy, and despair, dimmed his countenance, which was thrice changed with pale through the successive agitations of these three passions: for, that paleness is the proper hue of envy and despair, every body knows; and we always reckon that sort of anger the most deadly and diabolical which is accompanied with a pale, livid countenance. —NEWTON.

[7] Ver. 155. *Vernal delight and joy.* So in Milton's 'Tractate of Education:' "In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature, not to go out, and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth." —TODD.

[8] Ver. 158. *Whisper whence they stole.* This expression of the air's stealing and dispersing the sweets of flowers is very common in the best Italian poets.—NEWTON.

[9] Ver. 162. *Sabæan odours.* Wakefield says, that Milton delineated this beautiful description from Diodorus Siculus, lib. iii. 46, where the aromatic plants in Sabea, or Arabia Felix, are described as yielding "inexpressible fragrance to the senses, not unenjoyed even by the navigator, though he sails by at a great distance from the shore: for, in the spring, when the wind blows off land, the odour from the aromatic trees and plants diffuses itself over all the neighbouring sea."—Notes on Gray, p. 10.—TODD.

[10] Ver. 168. *Asmodëus.* This history of Asmodeus has by no means a good effect.—DUNSTER.

[11] Ver. 195. *The middle tree and highest.* "The tree of life also, in the midst of the garden," Gen. ii. 9. "In the midst" is a Hebrew phrase, expressing not only the local situation of this enlivening tree, but denoting its excellency, as being the most considerable, the tallest, goodliest, and most lovely tree in that beauteous garden planted by God himself. See Rev. ii. 7.—HUME.

[12] Ver. 199. *Of that life-giving plant.* He should have taken occasion, from thence, to reflect duly on life and immortality, and thereby to have put himself in a condition to regain true life and a happy immortality.—NEWTON.

[13] Ver. 209. *Of God the garden was.* So the sacred text, Gen. ii. 8. "And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden," that is, eastward of the place where Moses wrote his history, though Milton says, "in the east of Eden;" and then we have, in a few lines, our author's topography of Eden.—NEWTON.

[14] Ver. 223. *Southward through Eden.* This is, most probably, the river formed by the junction of the Euphrates and Tigris, which flows *southward*, and must needs be *a river large* by the joining of two such mighty rivers. Upon this river it is supposed, by the best commentators, that the terrestrial Paradise was situated. Milton calls this river Tigris in b. ix. 71.—NEWTON.

[15] Ver. 266. *While universal Pan.* While universal Nature, linked with the graceful Seasons, danced a perpetual round, and throughout the earth, yet unpolluted, led eternal spring. All the poets favour the opinion of the world's creation in the spring. See Virgil, Georg. ii. 338, and Ovid, Met. i. 107. That the Graces were taken for the beautiful Seasons, in which all things seem to dance and smile with an universal joy, is plain, from Horace, Od. iv. vii. 1. &c. And Homer joins both the Graces and Hours hand in hand with

Harmony, Youth, and Venus, in his Hymn to Apollo. —HUME.

[16] Ver. 281. *Mount Amara.* Mount Amara is the modern name of what the ancients called Pylæ, which are high hills in Ethiopia, under the Equator. 'Between these hills there is a plain abounding with the rich and beautiful productions of nature, and highly ornamented with the various operations of art. In this place the kings of Abyssinia keep their children wonderfully confined; and when a king dies, he that is to succeed him is brought thence and set upon the throne.—MASSEY.

[17] Ver. 282. *Under the Ethiop line.* See Purchas's 'Pilgrimage,' 1626, vol. v. p. 743.—TODD.

[18] Ver. 305. *Golden tresses.* This sort of hair was most admired and celebrated by the ancients. Milton's widow had hair of this colour.—NEWTON.

[19] Ver. 325. *Under a tuft of shade.* Milton appears to me here to have obligations to a passage of the 'Sarcotis' of Masenius. I must also observe, that Milton, where he is undoubtedly to be traced, still abounds in "those masterly beauties, and that exquisite colouring," which in other poets is a certain index of originality. But I conceive that, when Milton in his vast and extensive reading met with any poetical idea that was congenial to his own vivid and tasteful imagination, he boldly seized it and considered as his own, and worked upon it with the same noble confidence, undiminished by that sense of plagiarism, and unrestrained by those shackles of servile imitation, that mark the common "pecus imitatorum."—DUNSTER.

The truth is, that Milton almost always gave a new character to what he took. The similar passages so numerously pointed out by commentators are not similar in

force and poetical spirit. Words simple or compound may be borrowed (as from Sylvester's 'Du Bartas'), but the context and application are different. Just as the brick, which is taken from a cottage, may be worked into the walls of a palace; but is the architecture of the palace therefore taken from the cottage?—Many of the words used by Milton may be found in the most miserable poetasters of his predecessors.

[20] Ver. 357. *Scarce thus at length fail'd speech.* Though Satan came in quest of Adam and Eve, yet he is struck with such astonishment at the sight of them, that it is a long time before he can recover his speech, and break forth into this soliloquy: and, at the same time, this dumb admiration of Satan gives the poet the better opportunity of enlarging his description of them. This is very beautiful. —NEWTON.

[21] Ver. 381. *Hell shall unfold.* Isaiah xiv. 9: "Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth: it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations."—GILLIES.

[22] Ver. 391. *Compels me now.* Necessity, the tyrant's plea.—NEWTON.

The same plea is said to have been Cromwell's apology for the murder of the king: for it is related that, on the evening of the execution of Charles, the arch-hypocrite walked round the corpse, as it lay in one of the rooms at Whitehall, muffled up in a long black cloak, and repeating to himself "Dreadful necessity!" See 'Europ. Mag.' vol. xx. p. 106, and the 'Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons,' &c. vol. i. p. 254.—TODD.

[23] Ver. 421. *This one, this easy charge.* It was very natural for Adam to discourse of this; and this was what

Satan wanted more particularly to learn: and it is expressed from God's command, Gen. ii. 16, 17. In like manner, when Adam says afterwards, "dominion given over all other creatures," it is taken from the divine commission, Gen. i. 28. These things are so evident, that it is almost superfluous to mention them. If we take notice of them, it is that every reader may be sensible how much of Scripture our author has wrought into this divine poem.—NEWTON.

[24] Ver. 449. *That day I oft remember.* From this, as well as several other passages in the poem, it appears that the poet supposes Adam and Eve to have been created, and to have lived many days in Paradise before the Fall. See b. iv. 639. 680. 712. and b. v. 31, &c.—NEWTON.

The whole of this passage is exquisitely tender, beautiful, and picturesque, in expression, as well as in imagery and sentiment.

[25] Ver. 458. *To look into the clear*
Smooth lake.

This account that Eve gives of her coming to a lake, and there falling in love with her own image, when she had seen no other human creature, is much more probable and natural, as well as more delicate and beautiful, than the famous story of Narcissus in Ovid; from whom Milton manifestly took the hint, and has expressly imitated some passages; but has avoided all his puerilities, without losing any of his beauties; as the reader may easily observe by comparing both together. (Met. iii. 457.)—NEWTON.

I cannot help remarking how the story of Narcissus is improved by this application: the same might be said of almost every passage Milton has borrowed from the ancients. The improvement is so obvious in one main circumstance, that it seems needless to mention it: yet, as I do not remember that Mr. Addison has done it, I will just

observe, that the want of probability, that Narcissus, who had lived in society, should be so far deceived as to take an image in the water for a reality, is here totally removed. We may apply to Milton on this occasion what Aristotle says of Homer, that he taught poets how to lie properly.—STILLINGFLEET.

[26] Ver. 462. *I started back;*
It started back.
How admirably expressed!

[27] Ver. 492. *So spake our general mother.* What a charming picture of love and innocence has the poet given us in this paragraph! There is the greatest warmth of affection, and yet the most exact delicacy and decorum. One would have thought that a scene of this nature could not, with any consistency, have been introduced into a divine poem; and yet our author has so nicely and judiciously covered the soft description with the veil of modesty, that the purest and chastest mind can find no room for offence. The meek surrender, and the half-embracement, are circumstances inimitable. An Italian's imagination would have hurried him the length of ten or a dozen stanzas upon this occasion, and with its luxuriant wildness changed Adam and Eve into a Venus and Adonis.—THYER.

[28] Ver. 515. *Knowledge forbidden?* This is artfully perverted by Satan, as if some useful and necessary knowledge was forbidden: whereas our first parents were created with perfect understanding; and the only knowledge that was forbidden, was the knowledge of evil by the commission of it.—NEWTON.

[29] Ver. 533. *Live while ye may.* This is one of those exclamations of Satan, while wavering in wickedness, and half-repeating his malicious designs on the happiness of innocent beings.

[30] Ver. 549. *Gabriel sat.* One of the archangels sent to show Daniel the vision of the four monarchies and the seventy weeks, Dan. vii. ix.; and to the Virgin Mary, to reveal the incarnation of our Saviour, Luke i. His name in Hebrew signifies the *man of God*, or *the strength and power of God;* well posted as chief of the angelic guards placed about Paradise.—HUME.

[31] Ver. 593. *Now came still evening on.* This is the first evening in the poem; for the action of the preceding books lying out of the sphere of the sun, the time could not be computed. When Satan came first to the earth, and made that famous soliloquy at the beginning of this book, the sun was "high in his meridian tower;" and this is the evening of that day; and surely there never was a finer evening:—words cannot furnish out a more lovely description. The greatest poets in all ages have, as it were, vied one with another, in their description of evening and night; but, for the variety of numbers and pleasing images, I know of nothing parallel or comparable to this to be found among all the treasures of ancient or modern poetry.—NEWTON.

This praise is not too high: the imagery consists of the most extraordinary union of richness, nature, and simplicity; and this is equally true of the expression.

[32] Ver. 598. *Twilight gray.* Milton is very singular in the frequent and particular notice which he takes of the *twilight*, whenever he has occasion to speak of the evening. I do not remember to have met with the same in any other poet; and yet there is, to be sure, something so agreeable in that soft and gentle light, and such a peculiar fragrance attends it in the summer months, that it is a circumstance which adds great beauty to his description. I have often thought that the weakness of our poet's eyes, to which this kind of light must be vastly pleasant, might be the reason that he so often introduces the mention of it.—THYER.

The two following lines of Mason were much admired by Gray:

While from the west, where sinks the crimson day,
Mock Twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners gray.

[33] Ver. 603. *Her amorous descant sung.* Isaac Walton, in his 'Complete Angler,' has the following passage on the nightingale:—"He that at midnight should hear, as I have often done, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling, of the nightingale's voice, might well be lifted above earth."—TODD.

[34] Ver. 604. *Silence was pleased.* This personification is taken, though it happens not to be observed by any of the commentators, from the 'Hero and Leander' of Musæus, v. 280.—JOS. WARTON.

[35] Ver. 671. *Their stellar virtue.* As Milton was an universal scholar, so he had not a little affectation of showing his learning of all kinds, and makes Adam discourse here somewhat like an adept in astrology, which was too much the philosophy of his own times. What he says afterwards of numberless spiritual creatures walking the earth unseen, and joining in praises to their great Creator, is of a nobler strain; more agreeable to reason and revelation, as well as more pleasing to the imagination; and seems to be an imitation and improvement of Hesiod's notion of good genii, the guardians of mortal men, clothed with air, wandering every where through the earth.—NEWTON.

[36] Ver. 682. *Celestial voices.* This notion of their singing thus by night is agreeable to the account given by Lucretius, iv. 583.

Quorum noctivago strepitu, ludoque jocanti,
Adfirmant volgo taciturna silentia rumpi,
Chordarumque sonos fieri dulcesque querelas,
Tibia quas fundit digitis pulsata canentum.

NEWTON.

See the present editor's translation of this beautiful passage of Lucretius, thrown into a sonnet among his Poems, published March, 1785, 8vo.

[37] Ver. 761. *Whose bed is undefiled.* In allusion to Heb. xiii. 4. "Marriage is honourable in all, and the bed undefiled." And Milton must have had a good opinion of marriage, or he would never have had three wives: and though this panegyric upon wedded love may be condemned as a digression, yet it can hardly be called a digression, when it grows so naturally out of the subject, and is introduced so properly, while the action of the poem is in a manner suspended, and while Adam and Eve are lying down to sleep: and if morality be one great end of poetry, that end cannot be better promoted than by such digressions as this, and that upon hypocrisy at the latter part of the third book.—NEWTON.

[38] Ver. 768. *Mix'd dance, or wanton mask.* An apparent sarcasm on the dissolute court of Charles II.

[39] Ver. 776. *With her shadowy cone.* A cone is a figure round at bottom; and, lessening all the way, ends in a point. —RICHARDSON.

[40] Ver. 778. *Their ivory port.* We cannot conceive that here is any allusion to the ivory gate of sleep, mentioned by Homer and Virgil, from whence false dreams proceeded; for the poet could never intend to insinuate, that what he was saying about the angelic guards was all a fiction: as the rock was of alabaster, ver. 543, so he makes the gate of ivory, which was very proper for an eastern gate, as the finest ivory comes from the east;

India mittit ebur.—Virg. Georg. i. 57.

and houses and palaces of ivory are mentioned as instances

of magnificence in Scripture, as are likewise doors of ivory in Ovid, Met. iv. 185.—NEWTON.

[41] Ver. 782. *Uzziel.* The next commanding angel to Gabriel: his name in Hebrew is *the strength of God*, as all God's mighty angels are.—HUME.

[42] Ver. 784. *As flame they part.* This break in the verse is excellently adapted to the subject. They part, as the flame divides into separate wreaths: a short simile, but expressive of their quickness and rapidity, and of the brightness and splendour of their armour at the same time. Homer, in the second book of the Iliad, compares the march of the Trojans to the flame; but this simile is better suited to those beings, of whom the Scripture says, "He maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire." —NEWTON.

[43] Ver. 788. *Ithuriel and Zephon.* Two angels having their names as indicative of their offices. Ithuriel, in Hebrew, *the discovery of God:* Zephon, in Hebrew, *a secret*, or *searcher of secrets.*—HUME.

[44] Ver. 813. *Up he starts,*
Discover'd and surprised.
This is a magnificent image, magnificently expressed.

[45] Ver. 848. *Virtue in her shape how lovely.* What is said here of seeing "virtue in her shape how lovely," is manifestly borrowed from Plato and Cicero:—"Formam quidem ipsam et quasi faciem honesti vides, quæ si oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores (ut ait Plato) excitaret sapientiæ." Cic. de Off.—NEWTON.

[46] Ver. 878. *The bounds prescribed.* Milton means, as I suppose, that the bounds of hell were by God prescribed to

Satan's transgressions, so that it was intended he should transgress nowhere else, but within those bounds; whereas he was now attempting to transgress without them.—NEWTON.

[47] Ver. 974. *Ride on thy wings.* This seems to allude to Ezekiel's vision, where four cherubims are appointed to the four wheels; "And the cherubims did lift up their wings, and the wheels beside them; and the glory of the Lord God of Israel was over them above." See chap. i and x. and xi. 22.—NEWTON.

[48] Ver. 986. *Dilated stood.* One of the interesting features of the great adversary of God and man, as drawn by the poet, is resolution in danger: it therefore well admits the poetical decorations that follow.—DUNSTER.

[49] Ver. 997. *His golden scales yet seen.* The breaking off the combat between Gabriel and Satan, by the hanging out of the golden scales in heaven, is a refinement upon Homer's thought, who tells us, that before the battle between Hector and Achilles, Jupiter weighed the event of it in a pair of scales. The reader may see the whole passage in the 22nd Iliad.

Virgil, before the last decisive combat, describes Jupiter in the same manner, as weighing the fates of Turnus and Æneas. Milton, though he fetched this beautiful circumstance from the Iliad and Æneid, does not only insert it as a poetical embellishment, like the authors above mentioned, but makes an artful use of it for the proper carrying on of his fable, and for the breaking off the combat between the two warriors, who were upon the point of engaging. To this we may farther add, that Milton is the more justified in this passage, as we find the same noble allegory in Holy Writ, where a wicked prince, some few hours before he was assaulted and slain, is said to have been "weighed

in the scales, and to have been found 'wanting."—Addison.

The allusion, as Dr. Newton observes, to the heavenly sign, *Libra*, or *the Scales*, is a beauty that is not in Homer or Virgil, and gives a manifest advantage over both their descriptions.—Todd.

[50] Ver. 1003. *The sequel each of parting and of fight.* In Homer and Virgil the combatants are weighed one against another: but here only Satan is weighed; in one scale, the consequence of his retreating; in the other, of his fighting. And there is this farther improvement; that, as in Homer and Virgil the fates are weighed to satisfy Jupiter himself, it is here done to satisfy only the contending parties;—for Satan to read his own destiny! So that when Milton imitates a fine passage, he does not imitate it servilely, but makes it, as I may say, an original of his own, by his manner of varying and improving it.—Newton.

[51] Ver. 1012. *Where thou art weigh'd.* See Dan. v. 27. "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." So true it is, that Milton oftener imitates Scripture than Homer and Virgil, even where he is thought to imitate them most.—Newton.

I shall add to the particular notes an extract from Addi son's observations on this book of the poem:—

We may consider the beauties of the fourth book under three heads. In the first are those pictures of still-life, which we meet with in the description of Eden, Paradise, Adam's bower, &c.: in the next are the machines, which comprehend the speeches and behaviour of the good and bad angels: in the last is the conduct of Adam and Eve, who are the principal actors in the poem.

In the description of Paradise, the poet has observed Aristotle's rule of lavishing all the ornaments of diction on

the weak inactive parts of the fable which are not supported by the beauty of sentiments and characters. Accordingly, the reader may observe, that the expressions are more florid and elaborate in these descriptions, than in most other parts of the poem. I must farther add, that, though the drawings of gardens, rivers, rainbows, and the like dead pieces of nature, are justly censured in an heroic poem, when they run out into an unnecessary length; the description of Paradise would have been faulty, had not the poet been very particular in it; not only as it is the scene of the principal action, but as it is requisite to give us an idea of that happiness from which our first parents fell. The plan of it is wonderfully beautiful, and formed upon the short sketch which we have of it in Holy Writ. Milton's exuberance of imagination has poured forth such a redundancy of ornaments on this seat of happiness and innocence, that it would be endless to point out each particular.

I must not quit this head without farther observing, that there is scarce a speech of Adam or Eve in the whole poem, wherein the sentiments and allusions are not taken from this their delightful habitation. The reader, during their whole course of action, always finds himself in the walks of Paradise. In short, as the critics have remarked, that, in those poems wherein shepherds are the actors, the thoughts ought always to take a tincture from the woods, fields, and rivers; so may we observe, that our first parents seldom lose sight of their happy station in any thing they speak or do; and, if the reader will give me leave to use the expression, that their thoughts are always paradisiacal.

We are in the next place to consider the machines of the fourth book. Satan, being now within prospect of Eden, and looking round upon the glories of the creation, is filled with sentiments different from those which he discovered whilst he was in hell. The place inspires him with thoughts more adapted to it.

The thought of Satan's transformation into a cormorant,

ver. 196, and placing himself on the Tree of Life, seems raised upon that passage in the Iliad, where two deities are described as perching on the top of an oak, in the shape of vultures. (See the seventh book, near the beginning.)

The description of Adam and Eve, as they first appeared to Satan, is exquisitely drawn, and sufficient to make the fallen angel gaze upon them with all that astonishment, and those emotions of envy, in which he is represented.

There is a fine spirit of poetry in the lines which follow, wherein they are described as sitting on a bed of flowers by the side of a fountain, amidst a mixed assembly of animals. The speeches of these first two lovers flow equally from passion and sincerity: the professions they make to one another are full of warmth; but at the same time founded on truth: in a word, they are the gallantries of Paradise. The part of Eve's speech, in which she gives an account of herself upon her first creation, and the manner in which she was brought to Adam, is, I think, as beautiful a passage as any in Milton, or perhaps in any other poet whatsoever. These passages are all worked off with so much art, that they are capable of pleasing the most delicate reader, without offending the most severe:

That day I oft remember, when from sleep, &c.

A poet of less judgment and invention than this great author would have found it very difficult to have filled these tender parts of the poem with sentiments proper for a state of innocence; to have described the warmth of love, and the professions of it, without artifice or hyperbole; to have made the man speak the most endearing things without descending from his natural dignity, and the woman receiving them without departing from the modesty of her character: in a word, to adjust the prerogatives of wisdom and beauty, and make each appear to the other in its proper force, and loveliness. This mutual subordination of the two sexes is wonderfully kept up in the whole poem, as

particularly in the speech of Eve I have before mentioned, and upon the conclusion of it; when the poet adds, that the devil turned away with envy at the sight of so much happiness, v. 492, &c.

We have another view of our first parents in their evening discourses, which is full of pleasing images and sentiments suitable to their condition and characters. The speech of Eve, in particular, is dressed up in such a soft and natural turn of words and sentiments, as cannot be sufficiently admired.

Satan's planting himself at the ear of Eve under the form of a toad, in order to produce vain dreams and imaginations, is a striking circumstance; as his starting up in his own form is wonderfully fine, both in the literal description, and in the moral which is concealed under it. His answer upon his being discovered, and demanded to give an account of himself, is conformable to the pride and intrepidity of his character.

Zephon's rebuke, with the influence it had on Satan, is exquisitely graceful and moral. Satan is afterwards led away to Gabriel, the chief of the guardian angels, who kept watch in Paradise. His disdainful behaviour on this occasion is so remarkable a beauty, that the most ordinary reader cannot but take notice of it: Gabriel's discovering his approach at a distance is drawn with great strength and liveliness of imagination.

The conference between Gabriel and Satan abounds with sentiments proper for the occasion, and suitable to the persons of the two speakers. Satan clothing himself with terror when he prepares for the combat is truly sublime, and at least equal to Homer's description of Discord, celebrated by Longinus; or to that of Fame, in Virgil; who are both represented with their feet standing upon the earth, and their heads reaching above the clouds.

I must here take notice, that Milton is every where full of hints, and sometimes literal translations, taken from the greatest of the Greek and Latin poets.—ADDISON.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

This book consists of elements of the same character and of similar combinations as the fourth. Eve's dream, and the manner of relating it, are in a very high degree poetical: here the invention is perfect, both in imagery, sentiment, and language.

The approach of the angel Raphaël, as viewed at a distance by Adam, is designed with all those brilliant circumstances, and those indefinable touches, which give the force of embodied reality to a vision. Milton never relates with the artifices, and attempts to excite attention, of a technical poet: what he creates stands before him as life: he does not struggle to embellish or exaggerate, but simply relates what he believes that he beholds or hears: but none could have beheld or heard these high things, except one inspired.

The hints of a great part of the incidents are taken from the Scriptures; but the invention is not on that account the less. To bring the dim general idea into broad light in all its lineaments is the difficulty, and requires the power.

The conversation between Raphael and Adam is admirably contrived on both sides. These argumentative portions of the poem are almost always grand; and poetical, because they are grand. Now and then, indeed, the

bard indulges in the display of too much abstruse learning, or metaphysical subtleties.

As to this portion of the work, which occupies a large space, it is less easy to reconcile it to the general taste: but we must take it as part of the two essential divisions of an epic poem—character and sentiments. Taken by itself, separated from the story, much of it would not be poetical: as part of the story, it is primary essence. Without it, mere imagery would lose almost all its dignity, as well as its instructiveness, because it would lose its intellectual and spiritual charm.

In relating the cause of Satan's rebellion, Raphael sustains all the almost unutterable sublimity of his subject. The hero is drawn wicked and daring beyond prior conception; but mighty and awful as he is wicked. Language to express these high thoughts would have sunk before any other genius but Milton's: and as he had to convey the movements of heavenly spirits by earthly comparisons, the difficulty increased at every step.

To cite detached passages from other poets, as containing a supposed similitude to Milton, is very fallacious. These are patches:—Milton's is a uniform, close-wove, massy web of gold. Numerous particles of the ingredients may be traced in other authors: it is the combination, and the design by which that combination is conducted, that makes the merit.

ARGUMENT OF BOOK V.

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: they come forth to their day-labours: their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render man inexcusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise; his appearance described; his coming discerned by Adam afar off, sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates, at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

Now Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam waked, so custom'd; for his sleep
Was aery-light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,[1]
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough: so much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discomposed and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest: he, on his side
Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice

Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake,
My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
Heaven's last, best gift, my ever new delight!
Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.
Such whispering waked her, but with startled eye
On Adam; whom embracing, thus she spake:
O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection; glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night[2]
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day past, or morrow's next design;
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night. Methought
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice; I thought it thine: it said,
Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns
Full-orb'd the moon,[3] and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard: heaven wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire?
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment

Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways
That brought me on a sudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
And, as I wondering look'd, beside it stood
One shaped and wing'd like one of those from heaven
By us oft seen; his dewy locks distill'd
Ambrosia; on that tree he also gazed:
And, O, fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharged,
Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,
Nor God, nor man? is knowledge so despised?
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good; why else set here?
This said, he paused not, but with venturous arm
He pluck'd, he tasted; me damp horrour chill'd
At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold:
But he thus, overjoy'd: O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt;
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
For gods, yet able to make gods of men:
And why not gods of men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The authour not impair'd, but honour'd more?
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
Partake thou also; happy though thou art,
Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be:

Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods..
Thyself a goddess; not to earth confined,
But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes
Ascend to heaven, by merit thine, and see
What life the gods live there, and such live thou.
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Ev'n to my mouth of that same fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd: the pleasant savoury smell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew; and underneath beheld
The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
And various: wondering at my flight and change
To this high exaltation, suddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
And fell asleep: but, O, how glad I waked
To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad:
Best image of myself, and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear:
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know, that in the soul
Are many lesser faculties that serve
Reason as chief; among these Fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, aery shapes,
Which Reason, joining or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm or what deny, and call

Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell, when nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes[4]
To imitate her; but, misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams;
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Some such resemblances, methinks, I find
Of our last evening's talk in this thy dream,[5]
But with addition strange; yet be not sad:
Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, so unapproved; and leave
No spot or blame behind: which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not dishearten'd then; nor cloud those looks,
That wont to be more cheerful and serene
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world:
And let us to our fresh employments rise
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers,
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
Reserved from night, and kept for thee in store.
So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd;
But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wiped them with her hair:
Two other precious drops, that ready stood,
Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse,
And pious awe that fear'd to have offended.
So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.
But first, from under shady arborous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open sight

Of day-spring and the sun, who, scarce uprisen,
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean-brim,
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide landskip all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid[6]
In various style; for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced, or sung
Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
More tuneable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness; and they thus began:
'These are thy glorious works,[7] Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing: ye in heaven;
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn

With thy bright circlet; praise him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run[8]
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Authour rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls: ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,

Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.
So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd soon, and wonted calm.
On to their morning's rural work they haste,
Among sweet dews and flowers, where any row
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine
To wed her elm; she, spoused, about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
With pity heaven's high King, and to him call'd
Raphael, the sociable spirit, that deign'd
To travel with Tobias, and secured
His marriage with the seventimes-wedded maid.
Raphael, said he, thou hear'st what stir on earth
Satan, from hell 'scaped through the darksome gulf,
Hath raised in Paradise; and how disturb'd
This night the human pair; how he designs
In them at once to ruin all mankind:

Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converse with Adam; in what bower or shade
Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retired,
To respite his day-labour with repast,
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,
As may advise him of his happy state;
Happiness in his power left free to will,
Left to his own free will, his will though free,
Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware
He swerve not, too secure: tell him withal
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,
Late fallen himself from heaven, is plotting now
The fall of others from like state of bliss;
By violence? no, for that shall be withstood;
But by deceit and lies: this let him know,
Lest, wilfully transgressing, he pretend
Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd.

So spake the Eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All justice: nor delay'd the winged saint
After his charge received; but from among
Thousand celestial ardours, where he stood
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light,
Flew through the midst of heaven: the angelic quires,
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all the empyreal road; till, at the gate
Of heaven arrived, the gate self-open'd wide
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the sovran Architect had framed.
From hence no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interposed, however small, he sees,
Not unconform to other shining globes,

Earth, and the garden of God, with cedars crown'd
Above all hills: as when by night the glass
Of Galileo, less assured, observes
Imagined lands and regions in the moon:
Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades
Delos or Samos first appearing, kens
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing:
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air; till, within soar
Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he seems
A phœnix, gazed by all as that sole bird,
When, to enshrine his reliques in the Sun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on the eastern cliff of Paradise
He lights, and to his proper shape returns
A seraph wing'd: six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine: the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colours dipp'd in heaven; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands

Of angels under watch; and to his state,
And to his message high, in honour rise:
For on some message high they guess'd him bound.
Their glittering tents he pass'd, and now is come
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,
And flowering odours, cassia, nard, and balm;
A wilderness of sweets: for nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.
Him through the spicy forest onward come
Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat
Of his cool bower, while now the mounted sun
Shot down direct his fervid rays, to warm
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs:
And Eve within, due at her hour prepared
For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,
Berry, or grape: to whom thus Adam call'd:
Haste hither, Eve, and worth thy sight behold,
Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving; seems another morn
Risen on mid-noon; some great behest from Heaven
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
And, what thy stores contain, bring forth, and pour
Abundance, fit to honour and receive
Our heavenly stranger: well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow

From large bestow'd, where nature multiplies
Her fertile growth, and by disburdening grows
More fruitful; which instructs us not to spare.
To whom thus Eve: Adam, earth's hallow'd mould,
Of God inspired; small store will serve, where store,
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:
But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,
Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice
To entertain our angel-guest, as he
Beholding shall confess, that here on earth
God hath dispensed his bounties as in heaven.
So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent:
What choice to choose for delicacy best;
What order, so contrived as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant; but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindliest change:
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk,
Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India East or West, or middle shore
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where
Alcinous reign'd; fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand. For drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels press'd

She tempers dulcet creams; nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure; then strows the ground
With rose and odours from the shrub unfumed.
Meanwhile our primitive great sire, to meet
His godlike guest, walks forth; without more train
Accompanied than with his own complete
Perfections: in himself was all his state;
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue long
Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold,
Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape.
Nearer his presence Adam, though not awed,
Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,
As to a superiour nature bowing low,
Thus said: Native of heaven, for other place
None can than heaven such glorious shape contain;
Since, by descending from the thrones above,
Those happy places thou hast deign'd awhile
To want, and honour these; vouchsafe with us
Two only, who yet by sovran gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower
To rest; and what the garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the sun more cool decline.
Whom thus the angelic Virtue answer'd mild:
Adam, I therefore came; nor art thou such
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though spirits of heaven,
To visit thee: lead on then where thy bower
O'ershades; for these mid-hours, till evening rise,
I have at will. So to the sylvan lodge

They came, that like Pomona's arbour smiled,
With flowerets deck'd, and fragrant smells; but Eve,
Undeck'd save with herself, more lovely fair
Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feign'd
Of three that in Mount Ida naked strove,
Stood to entertain her guest from heaven; no veil
She needed, virtue-proof; no thought infirm
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the angel Hail
Bestow'd;[10] the holy salutation used
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve:

Hail, mother of mankind, whose fruitful womb
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,
Than with these various fruits the trees of God
Have heap'd this table! Raised of grassy turf
Their table was, and mossy seats had round,
And on her ample square from side to side
All autumn piled; though spring and autumn here
Danced hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;
No fear lest dinner cool; when thus began
Our authour: Heavenly stranger, please to taste
These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom
All perfect good, unmeasured out, descends,
To us for food and for delight hath caused
The earth to yield; unsavoury food, perhaps,
To spiritual natures: only this I know,
That one celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the angel: Therefore what he gives
(Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part
Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found
No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure

Intelligential substances require,
As doth your rational; and both contain
Within them every lower faculty
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created needs
To be sustain'd and fed: of elements
The grosser feeds the purer; earth the sea;
Earth and the sea feed air; the air those fires
Ethereal; and as lowest first the moon;
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurged
Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd.
Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist continent to higher orbs.
The sun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompense
In humid exhalations, and at even
Sups with the ocean. Though in heaven the trees
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar; though from off the boughs each morn
We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain; yet God hath here
Varied his bounty so with new delights,
As may compare with heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,
And to their viands fell; nor seemingly
The angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
Of theologians; but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat

To transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires
Through spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire
Of sooty coal the empiric alchemist
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,
As from the mine. Meanwhile at table Eve
Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleasant liquours crown'd. O innocence
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
Then had the sons of God excuse[11] to have been
Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
Was understood, the injured lover's hell.
Thus when with meats and drinks they had sufficed,
Not burdened nature, sudden mind arose
In Adam, not to let the occasion pass,
Given him by this great conference, to know
Of things above his world, and of their being
Who dwell in heaven, whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so far; whose radiant forms,
Divine effulgence, whose high power, so far
Exceeded human; and his wary speech
Thus to the empyreal minister he framed:
Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to man;
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsafed
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of angels, yet accepted so,
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At heaven's high feasts to have fed; yet what compare?

To whom the winged Hierarch replied:
O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not depraved from good; created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Endued with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and, in things that live, of life;
But more refined, more spiritous, and pure,
As nearer to him placed, or nearer tending
Each in their several active spheres assign'd,
Till body up to spirit work,[12] in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk; from thence the leaves
More aery; last the bright consummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes: flowers and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed,
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual; give both life and sense,
Fancy and understanding: whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being,
Discursive or intuitive: discourse
Is oftest yours, the latter most is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the same.
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
To proper substance. Time may come, when men
With angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient diet nor too light fare:
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
Improved by tract of time, and, wing'd, ascend

Ethereal, as we;[13] or may, at choice,
Here or in heavenly Paradises dwell;
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire,
Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happy state
Can comprehend, incapable of more.

To whom the patriarch of mankind replied:
O favourable spirit, propitious guest,
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set
From centre to circumference; whereon,
In contemplation of created things,
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found
Obedient? Can we want obedience then
To him, or possibly his love desert,
Who form'd us from the dust and placed us here
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
Human desires can seek or apprehend?

To whom the angel: Son of heaven and earth,
Attend: that thou art happy, owe to God;
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
This was that caution given thee; be advised.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to persevere
He left it in thy power; ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-ruled by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity:
Our voluntary service he requires,
Not our necessitated; such with him

Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how,
Can hearts, not free, be tried whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose?
Myself, and all the angelic host, that stand
In sight of God, enthroned, our happy state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other surety none: freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we stand or fall:
And some are fallen, to disobedience fallen,
And so from heaven to deepest hell; O fall
From what high state of bliss, into what woe!
To whom our great progenitor: Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear,
Divine instructer, I have heard, than when
Cherubic songs by night from neighbouring hills
Aereal music send: nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free;
Yet that we never shall forget to love
Our Maker, and obey him whose command
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts
Assured me, and still assure: though what thou tell'st
Hath pass'd in heaven, some doubt within me move,
But more desire to hear, if thou consent,
The full relation, which must needs be strange,
Worthy of sacred silence to be heard;
And we have yet large day; for scarce the sun
Hath finish'd half his journey, and scarce begins
His other half in the great zone of heaven.

Thus Adam made request; and Raphael,[14]
After short pause assenting, thus began:
High matter thou enjoin'st me, O prime of men,
Sad task and hard; for how shall I relate
To human sense the invisible exploits
Of warring spirits? how, without remorse,
The ruin of so many, glorious once
And perfect while they stood? how last unfold
The secrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good
This is dispensed; and what surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
By likening spiritual to corporal forms,
As may express them best; though what if earth[15]
Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein
Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?
As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild,
Reign'd where these heavens now roll, where earth now rests
Upon her centre poised; when on a day,
(For time, though in eternity, applied
To motion, measures all things durable
By present, past, and future) on such day
As heaven's great year[16] brings forth, the empyreal host[17]
Of angels, by imperial summons call'd,
Innumerable before the Almighty's throne
Forthwith, from all the ends of heaven, appear'd
Under their hierarchs in orders bright:
Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced,
Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear
Stream in the air, and for distinction serve

Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;
Or in their glittering tissues bear imblazed
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,
Amidst, as from a flaming mount, whose top
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake:
Hear, all ye angels, progeny of light,
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers;
Hear my decree,[18] which unrevoked shall stand!
This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand; your head I him appoint;
And by myself have sworn, to him shall bow
All knees in heaven, and shall confess him Lord.
Under his great vicegerent reign abide
United, as one individual soul,
For ever happy: him who disobeys,
Me disobeys, breaks union; and that day,
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
Into utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place
Ordain'd without redemption, without end.
So spake the Omnipotent, and with his words
All seem'd well pleased; all seem'd, but were not all.
That day, as other solemn days, they spent
In song and dance about the sacred hill;
Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere

Of planets, and of fix'd, in all her wheels
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolved, yet regular
Then most, when most irregular they seem;
And in their motions harmony divine
So smoothes her charming tones, that God's own ear
Listens delighted. Evening now approach'd;
(For we have also our evening and our morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need)
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn
Desirous; all in circles as they stood,
Tables are set, and on a sudden piled
With angels' food; and rubied nectar flows
In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of heaven.
On flowers reposed, and with fresh flowerets crown'd,
They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy, secure
Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds
Excess, before the all-bounteous King, who show-er'd
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhaled
From that high mount of God, whence light and shade
Spring both, the face of brightest heaven had changed
To grateful twilight, (for night comes not there
In darker veil) and roseat dews disposed
All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest;

Wide over all the plain, and wider far
Than all this globous earth in plain outspread,
(Such are the courts of God) the angelic throng,
Dispersed in bands and files, their camp extend
By living streams among the trees of life,
Pavilions numberless and sudden rear'd,
Celestial tabernacles, where they slept
Fann'd with cool winds; save those, who, in their course,
Melodious hymns about the sovran throne
Alternate all night long: but not so waked
Satan; so call him now; his former name
Is heard no more in heaven: he of the first,
If not the first archangel, great in power,
In favour and pre-eminence, yet fraught
With envy against the Son of God, that day
Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Messiah King anointed, could not bear
Through pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd.
Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolved
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
Unworshipp'd, unobey'd, the throne supreme,
Contemptuous; and his next subordinate
Awakening, thus to him in secret spake:
Sleep'st thou, companion dear? what sleep can close
Thy eyelids? and remember'st what decree
Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips
Of heaven's Almighty? Thou to me thy thoughts

Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart:
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest imposed;
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise
In us who serve, new counsels to debate
What doubtful may ensue: more in this place
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
Of all those myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them, that by command, ere yet dim night
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward, with flying march, where we possess
The quarters of the north;[21] there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King,
The great Messiah, and his new commands;
Who speedily through all the hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.
So spake the false archangel, and infused
Bad influence into the unwary breast
Of his associate: he together calls,
Or several one by one, the regent powers,
Under him regent; tells, as he was taught,
That the Most High commanding, now ere night,
Now ere dim night had disincumber'd heaven,
The great hierarchal standard was to move;
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integrity: but all obey'd
The wonted signal and superiour voice
Of their great potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in heaven;

His countenance, as the morning-star[22] that guides
The starry flock, allured them; and with lies
Drew after him the third part of heaven's host.[23]
Meanwhile the Eternal eye, whose sight discerns
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,
And from within the golden lamps[24] that burn
Nightly before him, saw without their light
Rebellion rising; saw in whom, how spread
Among the sons of morn,[25] what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high decree;
And, smiling, to his only Son thus said:—
Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence, heir of all my might,[26]
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of deity or empire: such a foe
Is rising, who intends to erect his throne
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north;
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
In battel, what our power is, or our right.
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all employ
In our defence; lest unawares we lose
This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.
To whom the Son, with calm aspect and clear,
Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,
Made answer:—Mighty Father, thou thy foes
Justly hast in derision, and, secure,
Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,

Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
Illustrates; when they see all regal power
Given me to quell their pride, and in event
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in heaven.
So spake the Son: but Satan, with his powers,
Far was advanced on winged speed: an host
Innumerable as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dew-drops,[27] which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies
Of seraphim, and potentates, and thrones,
In their triple degrees; regions, to which
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the sea, from one entire globose
Stretch'd into longitude; which having pass'd,
At length into the limits of the north
They came; and Satan to his royal seat,
High on a hill far blazing, as a mount
Raised on a mount, with pyramids and towers
From diamond quarries hewn and rocks of gold;
The palace of great Lucifer, (so call
That structure in the dialect of men
Interpreted) which not long after, he,
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Messiah was declared in sight of heaven,
The Mountain of the Congregation[28] call'd;
For thither he assembled all his train,
Pretending so commanded to consult
About the great reception of their King,

Thither to come; and with calumnious art
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears:
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers;
If these magnific titles yet remain
Not merely titular, since by decree
Another now hath to himself engross'd
All power, and us eclipsed under the name
Of King anointed, for whom all this haste
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This only to consult how we may best,
With what may be devised of honours new,
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile!
Too much to one! but double how endured,
To one, and to his image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counsels might erect
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?
Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend
The supple knee? Ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves
Natives and sons of heaven, possess'd before
By none; and if not equal all, yet free,[29]
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.
Who can in reason then, or right, assume
Monarchy over such as live by right
His equals? if in power and splendour less,
In freedom equal: or can introduce
Law and edict on us? who without law
Err not: much less for this[30] to be our Lord,
And look for adoration; to the abuse

Of those imperial titles, which assert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve.
Thus far his bold discourse without controul
Had audience; when among the seraphim,
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal adored
The Deity, and divine commands obey'd,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe
The current of his fury thus opposed:
O argument blasphemous, false, and proud!
Words which no ear ever to hear in heaven
Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate,
In place thyself so high above thy peers.
Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
The just decree of God, pronounced and sworn,
That to his only Son, by right endued
With regal sceptre, every soul in heaven
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
Confess him rightful King? unjust, thou say'st,
Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reign,
One over all with unsucceeded power.
Shalt thou give law[31] to God? shalt thou dispute
With him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and form'd the powers of heaven
Such as he pleased, and circumscribed their being?
Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,
And of our good and of our dignity
How provident he is; how far from thought
To make us less, bent rather to exalt
Our happy state, under one head more near
United. But to grant it thee unjust,

That equal over equals monarch reign:
Thyself, though great and glorious, dost thou count,
Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
Equal to him Begotten Son? by whom,
As by his word, the mighty Father made[32]
All things, ev'n thee; and all the spirits of heaven
By him created in their bright degrees;
Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory named
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers,
Essential powers; nor by his reign obscured,
But more illustrious made; since he the head
One of our number thus reduced becomes;
His laws our laws; all honour to him done
Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,
And tempt not these; but hasten to appease
The incensed Father and the incensed Son,
While pardon may be found[33] in time besought.
So spake the fervent angel; but his zeal
None seconded, as out of season judged,
Or singular and rash: whereat rejoiced
The Apostate, and, more haughty, thus replied:
That we were form'd then, say'st thou? and the work
Of secondary hand by task transferr'd
From Father to his Son? strange point and new!
Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd: who saw
When this creation was?[34] Remember'st thou
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us; self-begot, self-raised

By our own quickening power, when fatal course
Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
Of this our native heaven, ethereal sons.
Our puissance is our own;[35] our own right hand
Shall teach us highest deeds,[36] by proof to try
Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold
Whether by supplication we intend
Address, and to begirt the almighty throne
Beseeching or besieging. This report,
These tidings carry to the anointed King;
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.

He said; and, as the sound of waters deep,[37]
Hoarse murmur echoed to his words applause
Through the infinite host; nor less for that
The flaming seraph fearless, though alone,
Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold:

O alienate from God, O spirit accursed,
Forsaken of all good! I see thy fall
Determined, and thy hapless crew, involved
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread
Both of thy crime and punishment. Henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God's Messiah; those indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchsafed; other decrees
Against thee are gone forth without recall:
That golden sceptre, which thou didst reject,
Is now an iron rod, to bruise and break
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise:
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
These wicked tents devoted;[38] lest the wrath
Impendent, raging into sudden flame,
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel

His thunder on thy head, devouring fire:
Then who created thee lamenting learn;
When, who can uncreate thee, thou shalt know.
So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal:
Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way through hostile scorn; which he sustain'd
Superiour, nor of violence fear'd aught;
And, with retorted scorn, his back he turn'd
On those proud towers [39] to swift destruction doom'd.

NOTES ON BOOK V.

[1] Ver. 5. *The only sound*
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan.
Aurora's *fan* is not in true taste, as fan is an artificial object, which degrades, not elevates: but *fuming* rills is full of poetry.

[2] Ver. 30. *For I this night.* The breaks in Eve's narration are extremely beautiful, and adapted to the circumstance of one just awakened before the thoughts were well recollected.—STILLINGFLEET.

[3] Ver. 42. *Full-orb'd the moon.* The poetical enchantment of the images here arises from the simplicity of the expression.

[4] Ver. 110. *Mimic fancy wakes.* This account of dreams, Mr. Dunster remarks, is as just and philosophical as it is beautiful and poetical. Sir John Davies gives a similar, but certainly less interesting account, of the Phantasie, in his 'Nosce Teipsum,' 1608, p. 47. The curious reader may also compare Burton's elaborate account of the Phantasie, in his 'Anatomie of Melancholy,' to which, as Mr. Dunster also thinks, it is probable that Milton here adverted.—TODD.

[5] Ver. 115. *In this thy dream.* We were told in the foregoing book, how the evil spirit practised upon Eve as she lay asleep, in order to inspire her with thoughts of vanity, pride, and ambition. The author, who shows a wonderful art throughout his whole poem, in preparing the reader for the several occurrences that arise in it, founds upon the above-mentioned circumstance the first part of the fifth book. Adam, upon his first awaking, finds Eve still asleep, with an unusual discomposure in her looks. The posture, in which he regards her, is described with a tenderness not to be expressed; as the whisper, with which he awakens her, is the softest that ever was conveyed to a lover's ear.

I cannot but take notice, that Milton, in the conferences between Adam and Eve, had his eye very frequently upon the book of 'Canticles,' in which there is a noble spirit of eastern poetry, and very often not unlike what we meet with in Homer, who is generally placed near the age of Solomon. I think there is no question but the poet, in the preceding speech, remembered these two passages, which are spoken on the like occasion, and filled with the same pleasing images of nature. "My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away; for, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth." His preferring the garden of Eden to that

Where the sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse,

shows that the poet had this delightful scene in his mind.

Eve's dream is full of those high conceits ingendering pride, which, we are told, the devil endeavoured to instil into her: of this kind is that part of it where she fancies herself awakened by Adam in the following beautiful lines, ver. 38, &c.:—

> Why sleep'st thou, Eve? Now is the pleasant time, &c.
> ——— Heaven wakes with all his eyes,
> Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire?
> In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
> Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.

An injudicious poet would have made Adam talk through the whole work in such sentiments as these: but flattery and falsehood are not the courtship of Milton's Adam, and could not be heard by Eve in her state of innocence; excepting only in a dream produced on purpose to taint her imagination. Other vain sentiments of the same kind, in this relation of her dream, will be obvious to every reader. Though the catastrophe of the poem is finely presaged on this occasion, the particulars of it are so artfully shadowed, that they do not anticipate the story which follows in the ninth book. I shall only add, that though the vision of itself is founded upon truth, the circumstances of it are full of that wildness and inconsistency which are natural to a dream. Adam, conformable to his superior character for wisdom, instructs and comforts Eve upon this occasion.—ADDISON.

[6] Ver. 145. *Each morning duly paid.* As it is very well known that our author was no friend to set forms of prayer, it is no wonder that he ascribes extemporary effusions to our first parents; but even while he attributes strains unmeditated to them, he himself imitates the Psalmist.—NEWTON.

He has expressed the same notions of devotion, as Mr. Thyer has observed, in similar terms, b. iv. 736, &c. And

it has been said of the poet, that he did not in the latter part of his life use any religious rite in his family: but, as Dr. Gillies remarks, unless the proof be very clear; he who observes how careful Milton is to mention the worship of Adam and Eve, b. iv. 720, v. 137, ix. 197, and xi. 136, will not be easily induced to believe that he entirely neglected the worship of God in his family.—Todd.

[7] Ver. 152. *These are thy glorious works.* The Morning Hymn is written in imitation of one of those psalms, where, in the overflowings of gratitude and praise, the psalmist calls not only upon the angels, but upon the most conspicuous parts of the inanimate creation, to join with him in extolling their common Maker. Invocations of this nature fill the mind with glorious ideas of God's works, and awaken that divine enthusiasm which is so natural to devotion: but if this calling upon the dead parts of nature is at all times a proper kind of worship, it was in a particular manner suitable to our first parents, who had the creation fresh upon their minds, and had not seen the various dispensations of Providence, nor consequently could be acquainted with those many topics of praise which might afford matter to the devotions of their posterity. I need not remark the beautiful spirit of poetry which runs through the whole hymn, or the holiness of that resolution with which it concludes.—Addison.

[8] Ver. 181. *That in quaternion run.* That in a four-fold mixture and combination run a perpetual circle, one element occasionally changing into another, according to the doctrine of Heraclitus, borrowed from Orpheus: "Et cum quatuor sint genera corporum, vicissitudine eorum mundi continuata natura est: nam ex terra, aqua; ex aqua, oritur aër; ex aëre, æther; deinde retrorsum vicissim ex æthere, aër; inde aqua; ex aqua, terra infima. Sic naturis his, ex quibus omnia constant, sursus, deorsus, ultro, citro com-

meantibus, mundi partium conjunctio continetur." Cicero de Nat. Deor. ii. 33.—NEWTON.

[9] Ver. 247. *Nor delay'd the winged saint.* Raphael's departure from before the throne, and his flight through the choirs of angels, are finely imagined. As Milton every where fills his poem with circumstances that are marvellous and astonishing, he describes the gate of heaven as framed after such a manner, that it opened of itself upon the approach of the angel who was to pass through it.

Raphael's descent to the earth, with the figure of his person, is represented in very lively colours. Several of the French, Italian, and English poets have given a loose to their imaginations in the description of angels; but I do not remember to have met with any so finely drawn, and so conformable to the notions which are given of them in Scripture, as this in Milton. After having set him forth in all his heavenly plumage, and represented him as alighting upon the earth; the poet concludes his description with a circumstance which is altogether new, and imagined with the greatest strength of fancy:—

—— Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide.

Raphael's reception by the guardian-angels; his passing through the wilderness of sweets; his distant appearance to Adam; have all the graces that poetry is capable of bestowing. The author afterwards gives a particular description of Eve in her domestic employments.—ADDISON.

[10] Ver. 385. *On whom the angel Hail*
Bestow'd.

Though in this and other parts of the same book, the subject is only the housewifery of our first parent, it is set off with so many pleasing images and strong expressions, as make it none of the least agreeable parts in this divine work.

The natural majesty of Adam, and, at the same time, his submissive behaviour to the Superior Being who had vouchsafed to be his guest; the solemn *Hail* which the angel bestows upon the mother of mankind, with the figure of Eve ministering at the table; are circumstances which deserve to be admired.—ADDISON.

If I may venture to speak my frank opinion, I confess I do not admire this description of Eve's housewifery and table-entertainment of the angel: it was not necessary, and had been better omitted. The picture is too earthly, too familiar—I had almost said, too coarse. It breaks in upon the imaginative spell;—that dimness and mysteriousness in which spiritual poetry delights.

[11] Ver. 446. —— *if ever, then,*
Then had the sons of God excuse.

Some of the Rabbins say Eve was so beautiful, that the prince of angels fell in love with her, which occasioned his fall.—UPTON.

[12] Ver. 478. *Till body up to spirit work.* Newton says that this opinion is neither orthodox, nor philosophy. I leave it to be decided by theologians and metaphysicians.

[13] Ver. 498. —— *and, wing'd, ascend*
Ethereal, as we.

It is the doctrine of the ablest divines and primitive Fathers of the Catholic church, that if Adam had not sinned, he would never have died, but would have been translated from earth to heaven; and this doctrine the reader may see illustrated in the learned Bishop Bull's discourse, 'Of the State of Man before the Fall.' Our author, no doubt, was very well acquainted with the sense of antiquity in this particular; and, admitting the notion, what he says is poetical at least, if you will not allow it to be probable and rational. —NEWTON.

[14] Ver. 561. *Raphael.* Raphael's behaviour is every way suitable to the dignity of his nature, and to that character of a sociable spirit, with which the author has so judiciously introduced him. He had received instructions to converse with Adam, as one friend converses with another, and to warn him of the enemy who was contriving his destruction. Accordingly, he is represented as sitting down at table with Adam, and eating of the fruits of Paradise. The occasion naturally leads him to his discourse on the food of angels. After having thus entered into conversation with man upon more indifferent subjects, he warns him of his obedience, and makes a natural transition to the history of that fallen angel who was engaged in the circumvention of our first parents.—ADDISON.

[15] Ver. 574. *"Though what if earth,* &c.

In order to make Adam comprehend these things, the angel tells him that he "must liken spiritual to corporal forms," and questions whether there is not a greater similitude and resemblance between things in heaven and things in earth than is generally imagined; which is suggested very artfully; as it is, indeed, the best apology that could be made for those bold figures which Milton has employed, and especially in his descriptions of the battles of the angels. To the same purpose, says Mede, Discourse x.: "If the visible things of God may be learned, as St. Paul says, from the creation of the world, why may not the invisible and intelligible world be learned from the fabric of the visible? the one (it may be) being the pattern of the other." —NEWTON.

[16] Ver. 583. *As heaven's great year.* Our poet seems to have had Plato's great year in his thoughts. See also Virgil, Ecl. iv. 5, and 12.—HUME.

Plato's great year of the heavens is the revolution of all the spheres. Every thing returns to where it set out when

their motion first began. See Auson. Idyl. xviii. 15. A proper time for the declaration of the vicegerency of the Son of God. Milton has the same thought for the birth of the angels, v. 861, imagining such kind of revolutions long before the angels or the world were in being. So far back into eternity did the vast mind of this poet carry him.—RICHARDSON.

[17] Ibid. *The empyreal host.* See Job i. 6, and 1 Kings xxii. 19.—NEWTON: and Dan. vii. 10.—TODD.

[18] Ver. 602. *Hear my decree.* We observed before, that Milton was very cautious what sentiments and language he ascribed to the Almighty, and generally confined himself to the phrases and expressions of Scripture; and in this particular speech the reader will easily remark how much of it is copied from Holy Writ, by comparing it with the following texts: Psalm ii. 6, 7; Gen. xxii. 16; Philip. ii. 10, 11.—NEWTON. Also to Heb. i. 5.—TODD.

[19] Ver. 647. *Unsleeping eyes of God.* So the Psalmist, Psalm cxxi. 4:—"He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." The author had likewise Homer in mind, Il. ii. 1.—NEWTON.

[20] Ver. 652. *By living streams.* Rev. vii. 17:—"The Lamb shall lead unto living fountains of waters."—TODD.

[21] Ver. 689. *The quarters of the north.* See Sannazarius, de Partu Virginis, lib. iii. 40. There are other passages in the same poem, of which Milton has made use.—JORTIN.

Some have thought that Milton intended, but I dare say he was above intending here, a reflection upon Scotland; though being himself an independent, he had no great affection for the Scotch presbyterians. He had the author-

ity, we see, of Sannazarius for fixing Satan's rebellion in "the quarters of the north;" and he had much better authority, the same that Sannazarius had,—that of the prophet, whose words, though applied to the king of Babylon, yet alluded to this rebellion of Satan, Isaiah xiv. 12:—"How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation in the sides of the north." St. Austin says, that the devil and his angels, being averse from the light and fervour of charity, grew torpid as it were with an icy hardness; and are therefore, by a figure, placed in the north. See his Epist. cxi. sect. 55. And Shakspeare calls Satan "the monarch of the north," 1 Hen. VI. a. v. s. 3. I have seen too a Latin poem by Odoricus Valmerana, printed at Vienna in 1627, and entitled 'Dæmonomachiæ, sive de Bello Intelligentiarum super Divini Verbi Incarnatione.' This poem is longer than the Iliad, for it consists of five and twenty books; but it equals the Iliad in nothing but in length, for the poetry is very indifferent: however, in some particulars the plan of this poem is very like 'Paradise Lost.'

It opens with the exaltation of the Son of God; and thereupon Lucifer revolts, and draws a third part of the angels after him into the quarters of the north:—

Pars tertia lævam,
Hoc duce, persequitur, gelidoque aquilone locatur.

It is more probable that Milton had seen this poem, than some others from which he is charged with borrowing largely. He was indeed an universal scholar, and read all sorts of authors, and took hints from the moderns as well as the ancients: He was a great genius, but a great genius formed by reading; and, as it was said of Virgil, he collected gold out of the dung of other authors.—NEWTON.

The commentators have not observed that there is still

another poem, which Milton seems to have copied, 'L'Angeleida di Erasmo di Valvasone,' printed at Venice in 1590, describing the battle of the angels against Lucifer. I beg leave to add that Milton seems also to have attended to a poem of Tasso, not much noticed, on the Creation, 'Le Sette Giornate del Mondo Creato,' in 1607.—J. WARTON.

This poem of Tasso is in blank verse: the measure, therefore, as well as the subject, would particularly interest Milton. There is another poem, still less noticed, into which also Milton might have looked, 'Della Creatione del Mondo, Poema Sacro, del Signor Gasparo Murtola, Giorni sette, Canti sedici,' printed at Venice in 1608; the printer of which informs the reader that this work had been expected by the learned with much impatience.—TODD.

[22] Ver. 708. *His countenance, as the morning-star.* This similitude is not so new as poetical. Virgil, in like manner, compares the beautiful young Pallas to the morning-star, Æn. viii. 589. &c. But there is a much greater propriety in Milton's comparing Satan to the morning-star, as he is often spoken of under the name of Lucifer, as well as denominated Lucifer, *son of the morning.*—NEWTON.

[23] Ver. 710. *The third part of heaven's host.* See Rev. xii. 3, 4.—NEWTON.

[24] Ver. 713. *The golden lamps.* Alluding to the lamps before the throne of God, which St. John saw in his vision, Rev. iv. 5:—"And there were seven lamps of fire burning before the throne."—NEWTON.

[25] Ver. 716. *Sons of morn.* See Isaiah, xiv. 12.—TODD.

[26] Ver. 720. *Heir of all my might.* "For he is the brightness of his Father's glory, and appointed heir of all things."—NEWTON.

[27] Ver. 746. *Or stars of morning, dew-drops.* Innumerable as the stars, is an old simile; but this of the stars of morning, *dew-drops*, seems as new as it is beautiful: and the sun impearls them—turns them by his reflected beams to seeming pearls; as the morn was said before to sow the earth with orient pearl, ver. 2.—NEWTON.

[28] Ver. 766. *The mountain of the congregation.* Isaiah, xiv. 13:—"I will sit also upon the *mount of the congregation*, in the sides of the north."—NEWTON.

[29] Ver. 791. *If not equal all, yet free.* Let those who talk of absolute equality, remember these words of one whom they must allow to have been a lover of freedom.—J. WARTON.

[30] Ver. 799. *For this.* "For this," must be, "in right of law or edict."

[31] Ver. 822. *Shalt thou give law?* From Rom. ix. 20;—"Who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus?"—GILLIES.

[32] Ver. 835. *By whom,*
As by his word, the mighty Father made.
From Col. i. 16, 17:—"For by him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by him and for him, and he is before all things, and by him all things consist." And the conclusion of this speech is taken from the conclusion of Psalm ii.—NEWTON.

[33] Ver. 848. *While pardon may be found.* From Isaiah, iv. 6:—"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found."—GILLIES.

[34] Ver. 856. *Who saw*
When this creation was?

Like the sublime question in Job, xxxviii. 4:—"Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?" Milton, perhaps with a second reference to this passage, observes at v. 250. b. viii:—

> For man to tell how human life began
> Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?

TODD.

[35] Ver. 864. *Our puissance is our own.* See Psalm xii. 4:—"Our lips are our own: who is Lord over us?"—GILLIES.

[36] Ibid. *Our own right hand*
Shall teach us highest deeds.

From Psalm xlv. 4:—"Thine own right hand shall teach thee terrible things." And Virg. Æn. x. 773:—

> Dextra mihi deus, et telum quod missile libro.

BENTLEY.

[37] Ver. 872. *As the sound of waters deep.* "The voice of a great multitude" applauding, is in like manner compared to "the voice of many waters," Rev. xix. 6.—NEWTON.

See also Homer, Il. ii. 209. 394.—STILLINGFLEET.

[38] Ver. 890. *These wicked tents devoted.* In allusion probably to the rebellion of Korah, &c., Numb. xvi. 26, where Moses exhorts the congregation, saying, "Depart, I pray you, from the tents of these wicked men, lest ye be consumed in all their sins."—NEWTON.

[39] Ver. 907. *Proud towers.* "Towers" may mean those troops that had scorned and insulted him.—TODD.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

In the notes on the former books I have made long extracts from the beautiful essays of Addison on the Paradise Lost; I shall forbear to do it on the present occasion, because I find nothing relating to this book importantly different from the matter of the notes cited from other critics.

The battle of the rebellious angels is the grand feature of this book; it is generally regarded as one of the most admirable parts of the poem. I will frankly confess, that I cannot entirely subscribe to this opinion. In the first place, the introduction of the invention of artillery into the combat is objectionable:—in the war of spirits it is degrading, and almost ludicrous. In the whole mode of carrying on this mighty effort against heaven, there is too much of earth and materialism. It will be answered, that this was of necessity; for how was a war of spirits to be expressed? Perhaps such a difficulty was insurmountable: but then the subject should have been covered with a mantle; at

least, the elements might have been made to contend;—a universal tempest of fire, wind, and water. Here every thing is conducted almost in the ordinary manner, and with the technical skill of human warfare, except that the degree of force is more gigantic.

It will be pleaded, that Milton had the authority of the language of Holy Writ for such descriptions; and that he generally speaks in the very words of the Bible. It is true that he adapts these words with astonishing skill and genius; but he contrives to go into details which break up the spell of their mysteries. The phraseology of these Sacred Writings referred to is astonishingly sublime, picturesque, and poetical: if Milton could have stopped exactly where that stopped, he would have done better. This is a bold censure, but it is sincere. I think that the poet was sometimes led into this by his rivalry of Homer and Virgil, and the other ancient classics. He had a great advantage over them in his subject, and he should not have fallen from it: there is no poetry in Homer or Virgil like the poetry of the Bible.

I fully admit that such was "the height of Milton's argument," that all human or earthly imagery inevitably sunk below it; and that his task imposed upon him the evil "magna componere parvis." On many occasions of his work, these illustrations not only do not offend, but create beautiful poetry: the illustration derives reflected splendour from that which it is placed to illustrate.

Johnson says, that Milton "saw Nature through the spectacle of books." As long as he enjoyed his sight, there is no doubt that he saw her by his own unaided eyes; and nothing can be more fresh than many of his descriptions of natural scenery: this is proved by the simplicity and

nakedness of his language. He does not dress up the moon and the stars, and the lakes and the valleys, into affected personifications.

The richness of his array, both of the magnificent and the fair, of embodied forms, is sometimes surprising; and he allows the intervention of no feeble words to weaken his imagery. The condensed collocation of his language is peculiar to himself. Its breaks—its bursts—the strong—the rough and the flowing—the concise and the gigantic—are mingled with a surprising skill, and eloquence, and magic. It is easy to find single gems in other authors; the galaxy is the wonder. Milton's splendour, when it began to rise, did not stop till it blazed.

Even supposing his Book of Battles to be liable to the censure I have hazarded, still the manner in which it augments its force as it goes onward, is miraculous. The character of Satan combining the height of wickedness with grandeur of power and will, is supported in a state of progressive elevation; while the Deity, Father and Son, still retains his supremacy; and, to whatever sublimity the rebel angel is lifted, soars in unapproached dominion above him. All this is displayed with marvellous splendour of genius in the close of the Sixth Book. The effects of Satan's defeat are conceived and described with a superhuman strength of imagination.

I have already expressed an opinion very unpopular, that the argumentative parts of this composition are as noble in poetical merit as the descriptive. They spring from that visionary power which makes the poet, as the fresh and fragrant exhalations arise from the fruits and flowers of the productive earth. If they strike less at first, they longer retain their charm. But I would not forego the imagery: it is

the union of both which makes the unrivalled and inimitable excellence of this work, so far surpassing all other mere human compositions. Nay, it must not be called merely human: it has all the marks of inspiration; and when such large parts of it are the words of Holy Writ, can this be wondered at?

ARGUMENT OF BOOK VI.

RAPHAEL continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battel against Satan and his angels. The first fight described: Satan and his powers retire under night: he calls a council; invents devilish engines, which, in the second day's fight, put Michael and his angels to some disorder; but they at length, pulling up mountains, overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan: yet, the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory. He, in the power of his Father, coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of heaven; which opening, they leap down with horrour and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep. Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

All night the dreadless angel, unpursued,
Through heaven's wide champain held his way; till Morn,
Waked by the circling hours,[1] with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns,[2] which makes through heaven
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night;
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour
To veil the heaven, though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here: and now went forth the Morn,

Such as in highest heaven, arrayʼd in gold
Empyreal: from before her vanishʼd Night,
Shot through[3] with orient beams; when all the plain,
Cover'd with thick embattel'd squadrons bright,
Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,
Reflecting blaze on blaze,[4] first met his view:
War he perceived, war in procinct; and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mix'd
Among those friendly powers, who him received
With joy and acclamations loud, That one,
That of so many myriads fallen, yet one
Return'd not lost. On to the sacred hill
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice,
From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard:
Servant of God, well done; well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach,[5] far worse to bear
Than violence; for this was all thy care,
To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds
Judged thee perverse: the easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return,
Than scorn'd thou didst depart; and to subdue
By force, who reason for their law refuse,
Right reason for their law, and for their King

Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go, Michael,[6] of celestial armies prince;
And thou, in military prowess next,
Gabriel, lead forth to battel these my sons
Invincible; lead forth my armed saints,
By thousands and by millions, ranged for fight,
Equal in number to that godless crew
Rebellious: them with fire and hostile arms
Fearless assault; and, to the brow of heaven
Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss,
Into their place of punishment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery chaos to receive their fall.
So spake the sovran voice, and clouds began[7]
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames,[8] the sign
Of wrath awaked; nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow:
At which command the powers militant,
That stood for heaven, in mighty quadrate join'd
Of union irresistible, moved on
In silence their bright legions, to the sound
Of instrumental harmony, that breathed
Heroic ardour to adventurous deeds
Under their godlike leaders, in the cause
Of God and his Messiah. On they move
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
Nor straitening vale, nor wood, nor stream, divides
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground[9]
Their march was, and the passive air upbore
Their nimble tread: as when the total kind[10]

Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came summon'd over Eden to receive
Their names of thee; so over many a tract
Of heaven they march'd, and many a province wide,
Tenfold the length of this terrene. At last,
Far in the horizon to the north appear'd
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd
In battailous aspect, and nearer view[11]
Bristled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
Various, with boastful argument portray'd,
The banded powers of Satan hasting on
With furious expedition; for they ween'd
That self-same day, by fight or by surprise,
To win the mount of God, and on his throne
To set the envier of his state, the proud
Aspirer: but their thoughts proved fond and vain
In the mid way. Though strange to us it seem'd
At first, that angel should with angel war,
And in fierce hosting[12] meet, who wont to meet
So oft in festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,
Hymning the Eternal Father: but the shout
Of battel now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst, exalted as a god,
The apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,
Idol[13] of majesty divine, enclosed
With flaming cherubim and golden shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now

'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval;[14] and front to front
Presented stood in terrible array
Of hideous length. Before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanced,
Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold.
Abdiel that sight endured not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds;
And thus his own undaunted heart explores:
O heaven! that such resemblance of the Highest
Should yet remain, where faith and realty
Remain not: wherefore should not strength and might
There fail where virtue fails?[15] or weakest prove
Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable?
His puissance, trusting in the Almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whose reason I have tried
Unsound and false: nor is it aught but just,
That he, who in debate of truth hath won,
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
Victor; though brutish that contest and foul,
When reason hath to deal with force; yet so
Most reason is that reason overcome.
So pondering, and, from his armed peers
Forth stepping opposite, half-way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incensed, and thus securely him defied:
Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd
The highth of thy aspiring unopposed;
The throne of God unguarded, and his side

Abandon'd, at the terrour of thy power
Or potent tongue: fool! not to think how vain
Against the Omnipotent to rise in arms;
Who out of smallest things could, without end,
Have raised incessant armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with solitary hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow,
Unaided, could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkness: but thou seest
All are not of thy train; there be, who faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then
To thee not visible, when I alone
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all: my sect thou seest; now learn too late
How few sometimes may know,[16] when thousands err.
Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance,
Thus answer'd:—Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour
Of my revenge first sought for, thou return'st
From flight, seditious angel! to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provoked, since first that tongue,
Inspired with contradiction, durst oppose
A third part of the gods, in synod met
Their deities to assert; who, while they feel
Vigour divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou comest
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me some plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest: this pause between,

(Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know,—
At first I thought that liberty and heaven
To heavenly souls had been all one; but now
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Ministering spirits, train'd up in feast and song:
Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of heaven,
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compared this day shall prove.

To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern replied:
Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjustly thou depravest it with the name
Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains,
Or Nature: God and Nature bid the same,
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
To serve the unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
Thyself not free, but to thyself enthral'd;
Yet lewdly darest our ministering upbraid.
Reign thou in hell, thy kingdom; [17] let me serve
In heaven God ever bless'd, and his divine
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd:
Yet chains in hell, not realms, expect: meanwhile
From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,

Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstay'd: as if on earth,
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,[18]
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seized
The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see
Thus foil'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd, and shout,
Presage of victory, and fierce desire
Of battel: whereat Michael bid sound
The archangel trumpet; through the vast of heaven
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
And clamour such as heard in heaven till now
Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots raged: dire was the noise
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.[19]
So under fiery cope together rush'd
Both battels main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage. All heaven
Resounded; and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her centre shook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encountering angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force

Of all their regions: how much more of power
Army against army numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring; and disturb,
Though not destroy, their happy native seat:—
Had not the eternal King omnipotent,
From his strong hold of heaven, high overruled
And limited their might; though number'd such,[20]
As each divided legion might have seem'd
A numerous host; in strength each armed hand
A legion; led in fight, yet leader seem'd
Each warriour, single as in chief; expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battel, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear; each on himself relied,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory:[21] deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
That war and various; sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight; then, soaring on main wing,
Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then
Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale
The battel hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting seraphim confused, at length
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway
Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down
Wide-wasting: such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb

Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
A vast circumference. At his approach,
The great archangel from his warlike toil
Surceased; and glad, as hoping here to end
Intestine war in heaven, the arch-foe subdued
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown
And visage all inflamed, first thus began:
Authour of evil,[22] unknown till thy revolt,
Unnamed in heaven; now plenteous as thou seest
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
Though heaviest by just measure on thyself
And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
Heaven's blessed peace, and into nature brought
Misery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion! how hast thou instill'd
Thy malice into thousands, once upright
And faithful, now proved false! But think not here
To trouble holy rest; heaven casts thee out
From all her confines: heaven, the seat of bliss,
Brooks not the works of violence and war.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, hell;
Thou and thy wicked crew! there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom;
Or some more sudden vengeance, wing'd from God,
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.
So spake the prince of angels; to whom thus
The adversary:—Nor think thou with wind
Of aery threats to awe whom yet with deeds

Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of
these
To flight? or if to fall, but that they rise
Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with
threats
To chase me hence? err not, that so shall end
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style
The strife of glory; which we mean to win,
Or turn this heaven itself into the hell
Thou fablest; here however to dwell free,
If not to reign: meanwhile thy utmost force,
And join him named Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not; but have sought thee far and nigh.
They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such highth
Of godlike power? for likest gods they seem'd,
Stood they or moved, in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great heaven.
Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields
Blazed opposite, while expectation stood
In horrour: from each hand with speed retired,
Where erst was thickest fight, the angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion; such as, to set forth,
Great things by small, if, nature's concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung,
Two planets, rushing from aspect malign

Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
Together both, with next to almighty arm
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of power at once; nor odds appear'd
In might or swift prevention: but the sword
Of Michael from the armoury of God
Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd,
But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering, shared
All his right side. Then Satan first knew pain,
And writhed him to and fro convolved; so sore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd through him: but the ethereal substance closed,
Not long divisible; and from the gash
A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd
Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,
And all his armour stain'd, erewhile so bright.
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
By angels many and strong, who interposed
Defence; while others bore him on their shields
Back to his chariot, where it stood retired
From off the files of war: there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame,
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbled by such rebuke; so far beneath

His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet soon he heal'd; for spirits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
All heart they live,[23] all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense; and, as they please,
They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.
Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserved
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierced the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king; who him defied,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of heaven
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon,
Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing,
Uriel, and Raphael, his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquish'd Adramelech and Asmodai,
Two potent thrones, that to be less than gods
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and mail.
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow
Ariel, and Arioch, and the violence
Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted, overthrew.

I might relate of thousands,[24] and their names
Eternize here on earth; but those elect
Angels, contented with their fame in heaven,
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,
In might though wondrous and in acts of war,
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
Cancel'd from heaven and sacred memory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell:
For strength from truth divided and from just,
Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise
And ignominy; yet to glory aspires
Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
Therefore eternal silence be their doom.

And now, their mightiest quell'd, the battel swerved,
With many an inroad gored; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground
With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,
And fiery foaming steeds; what stood, recoil'd
O'erwearied, through the faint Satanic host
Defensive scarce; or with pale fear surprised,
Then first with fear surprised, and sense of pain,
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
By sin of disobedience; till that hour[25]
Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
Far otherwise the inviolable saints,
In cubic phalanx firm, advanced entire,
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd;
Such high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes; not to have sinn'd,
Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood

Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
By wound, though from their place by violence moved.[26]
Now Night her course began, and, over heaven
Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed,
And silence on the odious din of war:
Under her cloudy covert both retired,
Victor and vanquish'd. On the foughten field
Michaël and his angels prevalent
Encamping, placed in guard their watches round,
Cherubic waving fires:[27] on the other part,
Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
Far in the dark dislodged; and, void of rest,
His potentates to council call'd by night;
And in the midst thus undismay'd began:
O now in danger tried,[28] now known in arms
Not to be overpower'd, companions dear,
Found worthy not of liberty alone,
Too mean pretence! but what we more affect,
Honour, dominion, glory, and renown;
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight,
(And if one day, why not eternal days?)
What heaven's Lord had powerfulest to send
Against us from about his throne, and judged
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
Some disadvantage we endured, and pain
Till now not known, but, known, as soon contemn'd;
Since now we find this our empyreal form

Incapable of mortal injury,
Imperishable; and, though pierced with wound,
Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
Of evil then so small, as easy think
The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes;
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In nature none: if other hidden cause
Left them superiour, while we can preserve
Unhurt our minds, and understanding sound,
Due search and consultation will disclose.
He sat; and in the assembly next upstood
Nisroch,[29] of principalities the prime:
As one he stood escaped from cruel fight,
Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn;
And, cloudy in aspect, thus answering spake:
Deliverer from new lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as gods; yet hard
For gods, and too unequal work we find,
Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil
Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails
Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with pain
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmest life:
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils,[30] and, excessive, overturns
All patience. He who therefore can invent

With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves
No less than for deliverance what we owe.
Whereto with look composed Satan replied:
Not uninvented that, which thou aright
Believest so main to our success, I bring.
Which of us, who beholds the bright surface
Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,
This continent of spacious heaven, adorn'd
With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems, and gold;
Whose eye so superficially surveys
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of spiritous and fiery spume; till touch'd
With heaven's ray, and temper'd, they shoot forth
So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?
These in their dark nativity the deep
Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame;
Which, into hollow engines[31] long and round,
Thick-ramm'd, at the other bore with touch of fire
Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth
From far, with thundering noise, among our foes
Such implements of mischief, as shall dash
To pieces and o'erwhelm whatever stands
Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long shall be our labour; yet ere dawn,
Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive;

Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd
Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.
He ended; and his words their drooping cheer
Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope revived:
The invention all admired, and each, how he
To be the inventer miss'd;[32] so easy it seem'd
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
Impossible: yet, haply, of thy race
In future days,[33] if malice should abound,
Some one, intent on mischief, or inspired
With devilish machination, might devise
Like instrument to plague the sons of men
For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.
Forthwith from council to the work they flew:
None arguing stood; innumerable hands
Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath
The originals of nature in their crude
Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam[34]
They found, they mingled, and, with subtle art,
Concocted and adusted they reduced
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd.
Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,
Whereof to found their engines and their balls
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
So all ere dayspring, under conscious night,
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
With silent circumspection, unespied.
Now when fair morn orient in heaven appear'd,

Up rose the victor-angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
Of golden panoply,[35] refulgent host,
Soon banded; others from the dawning hills[36]
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,
Each quarter; to descry the distant foe,
Where lodged, or whither fled; or if for fight,
In motion or in halt: him soon they met
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
But firm battalion. Back with speediest sail,
Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing,
Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cried:
Arm, warriours, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit.
This day, fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
He comes: and settled in his face I see
Sad resolution, and secure. Let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbed shield,
Borne even or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.
So warn'd he them, aware themselves; and soon
In order, quit of all impediment,
Instant without disturb they took alarm,
And onward moved embattel'd; when, behold!
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching gross and huge; in hollow cube
Training his devilish enginery, impaled,
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,

To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
Awhile; but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud:
Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
That all may see, who hate us, how we seek
Peace and composure, and with open breast
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse:
But that I doubt; however witness, heaven;
Heaven, witness thou anon, while we discharge
Freely our part: ye, who appointed stand,
Do as you have in charge; and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.
So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended; when to right and left the front
Divided,[37] and to either flank retired:
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels; (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir
With branches lopp'd, in wood or mountain fell'd)
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gaped on us wide,
Portending hollow truce: at each behind
A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipp'd with fire; while we, suspense,
Collected stood, within our thoughts amused;
Not long; for sudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent applied
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscured with smoke, all heaven appear'd,

From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar
Embowel'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes; which, on the victor host
Level'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
That, whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,
Though standing else as rocks; but down they fell
By thousands, angel on archangel roll'd;
The sooner for their arms: unarm'd, they might
Have easily, as spirits, evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foul dissipation follow'd, and forced rout;
Nor served it to relax their serried files.
What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more despised,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rank'd of seraphim another row,
In posture to displode their second tire
Of thunder: back defeated to return
They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd:
O friends, why come not on these victors proud?
Erewhile they fierce were coming; and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front
And breast, (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of composition, straight they changed their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,

As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,
If our proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result.
To whom thus Belial, in like gamesome mood:
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urged home;
Such as we might perceive amused them all,
And stumbled many: who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand;
Not understood, this gift they had besides,
They show us when our foes walk not upright.
So they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory; Eternal Might
To match with their inventions they presumed
So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
And all his host derided, while they stood
Awhile in trouble: but they stood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,
Which God hath in his mighty angels placed!)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills,
(For earth hath this variety from heaven
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)
Light as the lightning glimpse,[38] they ran, they flew;
From their foundations loosening to and fro,
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,

Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Uplifting, bore them in their hands. Amaze,
Be sure, and terrour, seized the rebel host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
Till on those cursed engines' triple row
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd.
Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruised
Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan;
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light,
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.[39]
The rest, in imitation, to like arms
Betook them, and the neighbouring hills uptore:
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills,
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground they fought in dismal shade;
Infernal noise! war seem'd a civil game
To this uproar; horrid confusion heap'd
Upon confusion rose: and now all heaven
Had gone to wrack,[40] with ruin overspread,
Had not the Almighty Father, where he sits
Shrined in his sanctuary of heaven secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen

This tumult, and permitted all, advised:
That his great purpose he might so fulfil,
To honour his anointed Son avenged
Upon his enemies; and to declare
All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son,
The Assessour of his throne, he thus began:
Effulgence of my glory, Son beloved;
Son, in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly, what by Deity I am;
And in whose hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence; two days are pass'd,
Two days, as we compute the days of heaven,
Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame
These disobedient: sore hath been their fight,
As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd:
For to themselves I left them; and thou know'st,
Equal in their creation they were form'd,
Save what sin hath impair'd; which yet hath wrought
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom:
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found.
War wearied hath perform'd[41] what war can do,
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
With mountains, as with weapons, arm'd; which makes
Wild work in heaven, and dangerous to the main.
Two days are therefore pass'd, the third is thine:
For thee I have ordain'd it; and thus far
Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, since none but thou
Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace

Immense I have transfused, that all may know
In heaven and hell thy power above compare;
And, this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be heir,
Of all things to be heir; and to be King
By sacred unction,[42] thy deserved right.
Go then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might;
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake heaven's basis, bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder; my almighty arms[43]
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh;
Pursue these sons of darkness; drive them out
From all heaven's bounds into the utter deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God, and Messiah his anointed King.
He said; and on his Son with rays direct
Shone full: he all his Father full express'd
Ineffably into his face received;
And thus the Filial Godhead answering spake:
O Father, O Supreme of heavenly thrones,
First, Highest, Holiest, Best; thou always seek'st
To glorify thy Son,[44] I always thee,
As is most just: this I my glory account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou, in me well pleased, declarest thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
Sceptre and power, thy giving, I assume;
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be all in all,[45] and I in thee
For ever; and in me all whom thou lovest:
But whom thou hatest, I hate; and can put on
Thy terrours, as I put thy mildness on,

Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid heaven of these rebell'd,
To their prepared ill mansion driven down,
To chains of darkness,[46] and the undying worm;[47]
That from thy just obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happiness entire.
Then shall thy saints unmix'd, and from the impure
Far separate, circling thy holy mount,
Unfeigned halleluiahs to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.
So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
From the right hand of Glory where he sat;
And the third sacred morn[48] began to shine,
Dawning through heaven: forth rush'd with whirlwind sound[49]
The chariot of paternal Deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,[50]
Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
By four cherubic shapes; four faces each[51]
Had wondrous; as with stars, their bodies all
And wings were set with eyes; with eyes the wheels
Of beryl, and careering fires between:[52]
Over their heads a crystal firmament,[53]
Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colours of the showery arch.
He, in celestial panoply[54] all arm'd
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended; at his right hand Victory
Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow
And quiver with three-bolted thunder stored;
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd

Of smoke,[55] and bickering flame, and sparkles dire.
Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,[56]
He onward came; far off his coming shone:
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand, were seen.
He on the wings of cherub rode[57] sublime
On the crystalline sky, in sapphire throned,
Illustrious far and wide; but by his own
First seen: them unexpected joy surprised,
When the great ensign of Messiah blazed
Aloft by angels borne, his sign[58] in heaven;
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduced
His army, circumfused on either wing,
Under their Head[59] imbodied all in one.
Before him Power Divine his way prepared;
At his command the uprooted hills retired
Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went[60]
Obsequious: heaven his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flowerets hill and valley smiled.
This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdured,
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers,
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair:
In heavenly spirits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud what signs avail,
Or wonders move the obdurate to relent?
They, harden'd more[61] by what might most reclaim,
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
Took envy; and, aspiring to his highth,
Stood re-embattel'd fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail

Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last; and now
To final battel drew, disdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his host on either hand thus spake:
Stand still[62] in bright array, ye saints; here stand,
Ye angels arm'd; this day from battel rest:
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause;
And as ye have received, so have ye done,
Invincibly: but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs;
Vengeance is his,[63] or whose he sole appoints:
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
Nor multitude; stand only, and behold
God's indignation on these godless pour'd
By Me; not you, but Me, they have despised,
Yet envied; against Me is all their rage,
Because the Father, to whom in heaven supreme
Kingdom, and power, and glory appertains,
Hath honour'd Me according to his will.
Therefore to Me their doom he hath assign'd;
That they may have their wish, to try with Me
In battel which the stronger proves; they all,
Or I alone against them; since by strength
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.

So spake the Son; and into terrour changed
His countenance, too severe to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.

At once the Four[64] spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night;[65] under his burning wheels[66]
The stedfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arrived; in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues: they, astonish'd, all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropp'd:
O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode
Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate;
That wish'd the mountains[67] now might be again
Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visaged Four,
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One Spirit in them ruled; and every eye
Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among the accursed, that wither'd all their strength,
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.
Yet half his strength he put not forth,[68] but check'd
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven:

The overthrown he raised; and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd
Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursued
With terrours and with furies[69] to the bounds
And crystal wall of heaven; which, opening wide,
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclosed
Into the wasteful deep: the monstrous sight
Struck them with horrour backward, but far worse
Urged them behind: headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of heaven: eternal wrath
Burn'd after them to the bottomless pit.
Hell heard the unsufferable noise; hell saw
Heaven ruining from heaven, and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell: confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy; so huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin: hell at last[70]
Yawning received them whole, and on them closed;
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburden'd heaven rejoiced, and soon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole victor, from the expulsion of his foes,
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:
To meet him[71] all his saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanced; and, as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,

Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,
Worthiest to reign: [72] he, celebrated, rode
Triumphant through mid heaven, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father throned
On high; who into glory [73] him received,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.
Thus, measuring things in heaven [74] by things on earth,
At thy request, and that thou mayst beware
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd
What might have else to human race been hid;
The discord which befell, and war in heaven
Among the angelic powers, and the deep fall
Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd
With Satan; he who envies now thy state,
Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that, with him
Bereaved of happiness, thou mayst partake
His punishment, eternal misery;
Which would be all his solace and revenge,
As a despite done against the Most High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
But listen not to his temptations; warn
Thy weaker; [75] let it profit thee to have heard,
By terrible example, the reward
Of disobedience: firm they might have stood,
Yet fell: remember, and fear to transgress.

NOTES ON BOOK VI.

[1] Verse 3. *The circling hours, with rosy hand.* How inferior is Gray's imitation!—

Lo, where the rosy-bosom'd hours.

[2] Ver. 7. *Lodge and dislodge by turns.* The thought of light and darkness *lodging and dislodging by turns*, the one issuing forth, and the other entering, is plainly borrowed from a fine passage in Hesiod, Theog. 748.—Newton.

[3] Ver. 15. *Shot through.* Thyer objects to this as a quaint conceit below the dignity of Milton: on the contrary, it is correctly and beautifully poetical.

[4] Ver. 18. *Blaze on blaze.* See 1 Maccabees, vi. 39. "Now when the sun shone upon the shields of gold and brass, the mountains glistered therewith, and shined like lamps of fire."—Todd.

[5] Ver. 34. *Universal reproach.* This sentiment is very just, and not unlike what Florus says, in his character of Tarquin the Proud: "In omnes superbia, quæ crudelitate

gravior est bonis, grassatus," lib. i. c. 7. So also Spenser, F. Q. iv. iv. 4.

For evill deeds may better than bad ones be bore.
THYER.

Beaumont and Fletcher express the same sentiment very well, 'Beggar's Bush,' a. ii. s. 3.

A good man bears a contumely worse
Than he would do an injury.
NEWTON.

[6] Ver. 44. *Go, Michael.* As this battle of the angels is founded principally on Rev. xii. 7, 8. "There was war in heaven; Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not, neither was their place found any more in heaven;—" Michael is rightly made by Milton the leader of the heavenly armies: and the name in Hebrew signifies *the power of God.* But it may be censured, perhaps, as a piece of wrong conduct in the poem, that the commission here given is not executed: they are ordered to drive the rebel angels "out from God and bliss;" but this is effected at last by the Messiah alone. Some reasons for it are assigned in the speech of God, v. 680; and in that of the Messiah, v. 801, of this book.—NEWTON.

This circumstance is, I believe, the most indefensible part of the whole poem. The commission is not only given, but the execution of it is in a certain degree foreshown. See v. 51. &c.—DUNSTER.

[7] Ver. 56. *And clouds began.* In this description the author manifestly alludes to that of God descending upon Mount Sinai, Exod. xix. 16. &c.—NEWTON.

[8] Ver. 58. *Reluctant flames.* Dunster says this word *reluctant* is misunderstood by Newton: *luctari* is to be interpreted "prorumpendi impetus," and that *reluctari* is

the highest degree of that "impetus." Here it is the most violent exertion of the fire to resist, and break through the smoke.

[9] Ver. 71. *For high above the ground.* Our author attributes the same kind of motion to the angels, as the ancients did to their gods; which was gliding through the air without ever touching the ground with their feet, or, as Milton elsewhere elegantly expresses it, (b. viii. 302.) "smooth-sliding, without step;" and Homer, Il. v. 778. compares the motions of two goddesses to the flight of doves, as Milton here compares the march of the angels to the birds coming on the wing to Adam to receive their names.—NEWTON.

[10] Ver. 73. *As when the total kind.* Homer has used the simile of a flight of fowls twice in his Iliad, to express the number and the motions, the order and the clamours, of an army. See Il. ii. 459. iii. 2. as Virgil has done the same number of times in his Æneid, vii. 699. x. 264. But this simile exceeds any of those: first, as it rises so naturally out of the subject, and was a comparison so familiar to Adam: secondly, the angels were marching through the air, and not on the ground, which gives it another propriety; and here I believe the poet intended the chief likeness: thirdly, the *total kind* of birds much more properly expresses a prodigious number than any particular species, or a collection in any particular place. Thus Milton has raised the image in proportion to his subject. See an 'Essay upon Milton's Imitations of the Ancients,' p. 9.—NEWTON.

[11] Ver. 81. *And nearer view.* To the north appeared a fiery region, and nearer to the view appeared the banded powers of Satan. It appeared a fiery region indistinctly at first, but upon nearer view it proved to be Satan's rebel army.—NEWTON.

This image is amazingly picturesque and magnificent.

[12] Ver. 93. *Hosting.* Hosting, the mustering of armed men.—TODD.

[13] Ver. 101. *Idol.* Idol must here mean representative.

[14] Ver. 105. *A dreadful interval.* A grand picture, nobly expressed.

[15] Ver. 117. *There fail where virtue fails.* This is very sublime, both in thought and words.

[16] Ver. 148. *How few sometimes may know.* Clearly alluding to his own singular opinions on certain topics.

[17] Ver. 183. *In hell, thy kingdom.* Designed as a contrast to Satan's vaunt, in b. i. 263:—

> Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.

NEWTON.

[18] Ver. 197. *A mountain from his seat.* A more magnificent simile can scarcely be conceived.

[19] Ver. 214. *And flying vaulted either host with fire.* Our author has frequently had his eye upon Hesiod's giant-war, as well as upon Homer, and has imitated several passages; but commonly exceeds his original, as he has done in this particular. Hesiod says that the Titans were overshadowed with darts, Theog. v. 716.

> Κατὰ δ' ἐσκίασαν βελέεσσι
> Τιτῆνας·

but Milton has improved the horror of the description; and a "shade of darts" is not near so great and dreadful an image as a "fiery cope," or "vault of flaming darts."—NEWTON.

[20] Ver. 229. *Though number'd such.* Each legion was in number like an army; each single warrior was in strength like a legion, and, though led in fight, was as expert as a commander-in-chief: so that the angels are celebrated; first, for their number; then, for their strength; and, lastly, for their expertness in war.—NEWTON.

[21] Ver. 239. *In his arm the moment lay*
Of victory.

The moment—the weight that turns the balance, as the word signifies in Latin; Terence, Andr.: "Dum in dubio est animus, paulo momento huc vel illuc impellitur:" and, as he has employed here the metaphor of the weight, so of the scale, v. 245, using as a metaphor what Homer makes a simile of, Il. xii. 433; and in several particulars he has had his eye upon Homer, and commonly exceeds his master. Homer says, that the Greeks and Trojans "fought like burning fire," Il. xiii. 673; but how much stronger is it in Milton, that the war

> Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then
> Conflicting fire!

It would be entering into too minute a detail of criticism to mention every little circumstance that is copied from Homer: and, where he does not directly copy from Homer, his style and colouring are still very much in Homer's manner. Wonderful as his genius was, he could hardly have drawn the battles of the angels so well, without first reading those in the Iliad; and Homer taught him to excel Homer.—NEWTON.

[22] Ver. 262. *An hour of Evil.* J. C. Walker here refers to 'Chron. de Monstrelet,' i. 39.

[23] Ver. 350. *All heart they live, &c.* This is expressed very much like Pliny's account of God, Nat. Hist. l. i. c. 7.

" Quisquis est Deus, si modo est alius, quacunque in parte, totus est sensus, totus visus, totus auditus, totus animæ, totus animi, totus sui."—NEWTON.

[24] Ver. 373. *I might relate of thousands.* The poet here puts into the mouth of the angel an excellent reason for not relating more particulars of this first battle. It would have been improper, on all accounts, to have enlarged much more upon it; but it was proper that the angel should appear to know more than he chose to relate, or than the poet was able to make him relate.—NEWTON.

[25] Ver. 396. *Till that hour.* It seems a very extraordinary circumstance attending a battle, that not only none of the warriors on either side were capable of death by wound, but on one side none were capable of wound, or even of pain. This was a very great advantage on the side of the good angels; but we must suppose that the rebel angels did not know their own weakness *till this hour.*—NEWTON.

[26] Ver. 405. *Though from their place by violence moved.* This circumstance is judiciously added to prepare the reader for what happens in the next fight.—NEWTON.

[27] Ver. 413. *Cherubic waving fires.* Their watches were " cherubic waving fires;" that is, cherubim like fires waving; the cherubim being described by our author, agreeably to Scripture, as of a fiery substance and nature.—NEWTON.

[28] Ver. 418. *O now in danger tried.* This speech of Satan is very artful: he flatters their pride and vanity, and avails himself of the only comfort that could be drawn from this day's engagement, (though it was a false comfort) that God was neither so powerful nor wise as he was taken to be; he was forced to acknowledge that they had suffered

some loss and pain? but endeavours to lessen it as much as he can; and attributes it not to the true cause, but to their want of better arms and armour, with which he therefore proposes that they should provide themselves, in order both to defend themselves and annoy their enemies.—NEWTON.

The five lines in which the speech opens are splendidly magnificent. Instead of considering the language here used as assumed by Satan "to flatter the pride and vanity of his followers," they may be appreciated as serving eminently to mark his own character, as more generally drawn by the poet in the course of this poem; the great features of which are unbounded ambition and undaunted resolution, still proudly hoping, and still daringly contending, even in the midst of adversities.—DUNSTER.

[29] Ver. 447. *Nisroch.* A god of the Assyrians, in whose temple Sennacherib was killed by his two sons; 2 Kings, xix. 37. It is not known who this deity was: he must have been a principal idol, being worshipped by so great a prince, and at the capital city Nineveh; which may justify Milton in calling him "of principalities the prime."—NEWTON.

[30] Ver. 462. *Pain—the worst of evils.* Nisroch is made to talk agreeably to the sentiments of Hieronymus and those philosophers who maintained that pain was the greatest of evils: there might be a possibility of living without pleasure, but there was no living in pain:—a notion suitable enough to a deity of the effeminate Assyrians.—NEWTON.

[31] Ver. 484. *Hollow engines.* A description of artillery, of which the first invention is thus attributed to the author of all evil.

[32] Ver. 498. *Admired, and each, how he*
To be the inventer miss'd.
This is the definition Johnson gives of good writing.

[33] Ver. 502. *In future days.* This speaking in the spirit of prophecy adds great dignity to poetry. It is in the same spirit that Dido makes the imprecation, Virg. Æn. iv. 625: "Exoriare aliquis," &c. This, here, very properly comes from the mouth of an angel.—NEWTON.

[34] Ver. 512. *Sulphurous and nitrous foam.* See Valvasone, with Hayley's remarks, in 'Conjectures on the Origin of Paradise Lost.'

[35] Ver. 527. *Panoply.* Armour from head to foot. Πανοπλία, Greek, armour at all points.—HUME.

[36] Ver. 528. *Dawning hills.*
This epithet is usually applied to the *light*, but here very poetically to the *hills*, the dawn first appearing over them, and they seeming to bring the rising day; as the evening-star is said likewise first to appear *on his hill-top*, b. viii. 520.—NEWTON.
Thus the morning-sun always first *dawns* over the Alps.

[37] Ver. 570. *Divided.* Nothing can be more distinct, picturesque, and grand, than this advance of Satan's army, with his masked artillery.

[38] Ver. 642. *Light as the lightning glimpse.* See Ezek. i. 14. "And the living creatures ran and returned, as the appearance of a flash of lightning."—DUNSTER.

[39] Ver. 661. *Now gross by sinning grown.* What a fine moral does Milton here inculcate and indeed quite through this book, by showing that all the weakness and pain of the rebel angels was the natural consequence of their sinning! And, I believe, one may observe in general of our author, that he is scarcely ever so far hurried on by the fire of his Muse, as to forget the main end of all good writing—the recommendation of virtue and religion.—THYER.

[40] Ver. 669. *And now all heaven*
Had gone to wrack.

It is remarked by the critics, in praise of Homer's battles, that they rise in horror one above another to the end of the Iliad. The same may be said of Milton's battles. In the first day's engagement, when they fought under a cope of fire with burning arrows, it was said,

> All heaven
> Resounded; and, had earth been then, all earth
> Had to her centre shook:

but now, when they fought with mountains and promontories, it is said "all heaven had gone to wrack," had not the Almighty Father interposed, and sent forth his Son, in the fulness of his divine glory and majesty, to expel the rebel angels out of heaven. Compare Homer's Iliad, viii. 130.

> Ἔνθα κε λοιγὸς ἔην, καὶ ἀμήχανα ἔργα γένοντο·
> Εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ὀξὺ νόησε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε.

NEWTON.

[41] Ver. 695. *War wearied hath perform'd.* And indeed within the compass of this one book we have all the variety of battles that can well be conceived. We have a single combat and a general engagement. The first day's fight is with darts and swords, in imitation of the ancients; the second day's fight is with artillery, in imitation of the moderns; but the images in both are raised proportionably to the superior nature of the beings here described: and, when the poet has briefly comprised all that has any foundation in fact and reality, he has recourse to the fiction of the poets in their descriptions of the giants' war with the gods. And, when war hath thus performed what war can do, he rises still higher, and the Son of God is sent forth in the majesty of the Almighty Father, agreeably to Scripture; so much doth the sublimity of Holy Writ transcend

all that is true, and all that is feigned, in description.—NEWTON.

[42] Ver. 709. *By sacred unction.* Psalm xlv. 7:—"God hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows."—GILLIES.

[43] Ver. 713. *My almighty arms.* Ps. xlv, 3, 4:—"Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty: and in thy majesty ride prosperously."—NEWTON.

[44] Ver. 725. *To glorify thy Son.* In reference to St. John, ch. xvii. 4, 5. TODD.

[45] Ver. 732. *Thou shalt be all in all.* We may still observe, that Milton generally makes the divine persons talk in the style and language of Scripture. This passage is manifestly taken from 1 Cor. xv. 24. and 28. Immediately afterwards, when it is said,

I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lovest;

this is an allusion to John xvii. 21. and 23. And when it is added,

But whom thou hatest, I hate,

the allusion is to Psalm cxxxix. 21.—NEWTON.

[46] Ver. 739. *To chains of darkness.* 2 Pet. ii. 4:—"God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into *chains of darkness*."—TODD.

[47] Ibid. *Undying worm.* Mark ix. 44:—"Their worm dieth not."—HUME.

[48] Ver. 748. *And the third sacred morn.* Milton, by

continuing the war for three days, and reserving the victory upon the third for the Messiah alone, plainly alludes to the circumstances of his death and resurrection. Our Saviour's extreme sufferings on the one hand, and his heroic behaviour on the other, made the contest seem to be more equal and doubtful upon the first day; and on the second, Satan triumphed in the advantages he thought he had gained, when Christ lay buried in the earth, and was to outward appearance in an irrecoverable state of corruption. But as the poet represents the Almighty Father speaking to his Son, v. 699:—

> Two days are therefore past, the third is thine;
> For thee I have ordain'd it; and thus far
> Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
> Of ending this great war, since none but thou
> Can end it:

which he most gloriously did, when "the third sacred morn began to shine," by vanquishing with his own Almighty arm the powers of hell, and rising again from the grave: and thus, as St. Paul says, Rom. i. 4:—"He was declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead."—GREENWOOD.

[49] Ver. 749. *Forth rush'd with whirlwind sound.* Ezek. i. 4:—"And I looked, and, behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire enfolding itself." Or perhaps Milton here drew Isaiah likewise to his assistance, lxvi. 15:—"For, behold, the Lord will come with fire, and with his chariots like a whirlwind."—NEWTON.

[50] Ver. 751. *Wheel within wheel undrawn.* As in Ezek. i. 5. 16. 19. 20:—"Also out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures, and their appearance was as it were a wheel in the middle of a wheel: and when the living creatures went, the wheels went by them; for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels."—NEWTON.

[51] Ver. 753. *Four faces each.* As in Ezek. i. 6:—"And every one had four faces:" again, ch. x. 12:—"And their whole body, and their wings, and the wheels were full of eyes round about."—NEWTON.

[52] Ver. 755. *The wheels*
Of beryl, and careering fires between.

The beryl is a precious stone of a sea-green colour, and careering fires are lightnings "darting out by fits," a metaphor taken from the running in tilts. See Ezek. i. 16. and 13:—"The appearance of wheels and their work was like a beryl: and the fire was bright; and out of the fire went forth lightning."—NEWTON.

Milton has again described this part of the prophetic vision, and with additional sublimity, v. 848:—

> One spirit in them ruled, and every eye
> Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
> Among the accursed.

This is like the bold and tremendous painting of Æschylus, Prom. Vinct. v. 356, ed. Schütz.

Ἐξ ὀμμάτων δ' ἤστραπτε γοργωπὸν σέλας.

TODD.

[53] Ver. 757. *A crystal firmament.* See Ezek. i. 22. 26, 27, 28:—"And the likeness of the firmament upon the heads of the living creatures, was as the colour of the terrible crystal, stretched forth over their heads above: and above the firmament, that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone: and I saw as the colour of amber as the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain."—NEWTON.

[54] Ver. 760. *He in celestial panoply.* An allusion to Ephes. vi. 11:—"Put on the whole armour (πανοπλίαν) of God;" and to the contexture of gems in Aaron's breastplate, Exod. xxviii.—TODD.

[55] Ver. 765. *Fierce effusion roll'd*
Of smoke.
See Psalm xviii. 8:—"There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured." And see Psalm l. 3.—HUME.

[56] Ver. 767. *Ten thousand thousand saints.* See St. Jude, 14:—"Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints." Psalm lxviii. 17:—"The chariots of God are twenty thousand." Rev. vii. 4:—"I heard the number of them." Let it be remarked, how much of his sublimity, even in the sublimest part of his works, Milton owes to Scripture.—NEWTON.

[57] Ver. 771. *Wings of cherub rode.* See Psalm xviii. 10:—"He rode upon a cherub."—GREENWOOD.

[58] Ver. 776. *His sign.* See Matth. xxiv. 50:—"There shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven."—GILLIES.

[59] Ver. 779. *Under their head.* See Rom. xii. 5:—"We, being many, are one body in Christ." And Col. i. 18:—"He is the head of the body."—GREENWOOD.

[60] Ver. 782. *They heard his voice, and went.* Habakk. iii. 6:—"The everlasting mountains were scattered; the perpetual hills did bow."—TODD.

[61] Ver. 791. *Harden'd more.* As Pharaoh was, Exod. xiv.—HUME.

[62] Ver. 801. *Stand still.* As in Exod. xiv. 13, 14:—"Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which he will show you to-day. The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace."—GILLIES.

[63] Ver. 808. *Vengeance is his.* See Deut. xxxii. 35:—"To me belongeth vengeance." And Rom. xii. 19:—"Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."—NEWTON.

[64] Ver. 827. *At once the Four.* Whenever he mentions the four cherubim, and the Messiah's chariot, he still copies from Ezekiel's vision. See ch. i. 9. 19. 24.—NEWTON.

[65] Ver. 832. *Gloomy as night.* From Homer, Il. xii. 462, where the translator uses Milton's words:—

Νυκτὶ θοῇ ἀτάλαντος ὑπώπια.

A similar expression, translated in these words of Milton, is also in Odyss. xi. 609.—NEWTON.

[66] Ibid. *Under his burning wheels.* Job xxvi. 11:—"The pillars of heaven tremble, and are astonished at his reproof." HUME.

This sublime passage owes part of its magnificence to another sacred description, Daniel, vii. 9. of the Ancient of Days:—"His throne was as the fiery flame, and his *wheels as burning fire.*" Milton's diction is here superior even to Hesiod's celebrated lines, Theog. v. 841:—

Ποσσὶ δ' ὑπ' ἀθανάτοισι μέγας πελεμίζετ' Ὄλυμπος
Ὀρνυμένοιο ἄνακτος· ἐπεστενάχιζε δὲ γαῖα.

The majesty of the exception, which Milton adds, affords to the whole passage a solemnity unparalleled, and inimitable:—

Under his burning wheels
The stedfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God.

TODD.

[67] Ver. 8. 2. *That wish'd the mountains.* See Rev. vi. 16:—"They said to the mountains, fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb:" which is very applicable here, as they

had been overwhelmed with mountains, v. 655. What was so terrible before, they *wished as a shelter* now.—NEWTON.

[68] Ver. 853. *Half his strength he put not forth.* This fine thought is somewhat like that of the Psalmist, lxxviii. 38:—"But he, being full of compassion, forgave their iniquity, and destroyed them not; yea, many a time turned he his anger away, and did not stir up all his wrath."—NEWTON.

[69] Ver. 859. *With terrours and with furies.* See Job, vi. 4:—"The terrors of God do set themselves in array against me." And the fury of the Lord is a common expression in Scripture:—"They are full of the fury of the Lord," Isaiah, li. 20.—NEWTON.

[70] Ver. 874. *Hell at last*
Yawning received them.

This is a fine imitation of Isaiah, v. 14:—"Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure: and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it."—TODD.

[71] Ver. 882. *To meet him.* See Rev. xii. 10.—STILLINGFLEET.

[72] Ver. 888. *Worthiest to reign.* The angels here sing the same divine song which St. John heard them sing in his vision, Rev. iv. 11.—NEWTON.

[73] Ver. 891. *Who into glory.* See 1 Tim. iii. 16:—"Received up into glory;" and Heb. i. 3:—"Sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."—GILLIES.

[74] Ver. 893. *Thus, restoring things in heaven.* He re-

peats the same kind of apology here in the conclusion, that he made in the beginning of his narration. See b. v. 573, &c. And it is indeed the best defence that can be made for the bold fictions in this book, which, though some cold readers perhaps may blame, yet the coldest, I conceive, cannot but admire. It is remarkable too with what art and beauty the poet, from the height and sublimity of the rest of the book, descends here, at the close of it, like the lark from her loftiest notes in the clouds, to the most prosaic simplicity of language and numbers; a simplicity, which not only gives it variety, but the greatest majesty; as Milton himself seems to have thought, by always choosing to give the speeches of God and the Messiah in that style, though these I suppose are the parts of this poem which Dryden censures as the flats which he often met with for thirty or forty lines together.—NEWTON.

[75] Ver. 909. *Thy weaker.* As St. Peter calls the wife, "the weaker vessel," 1 Pet. iii. 7.—NEWTON.

END OF VOL. II.

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